

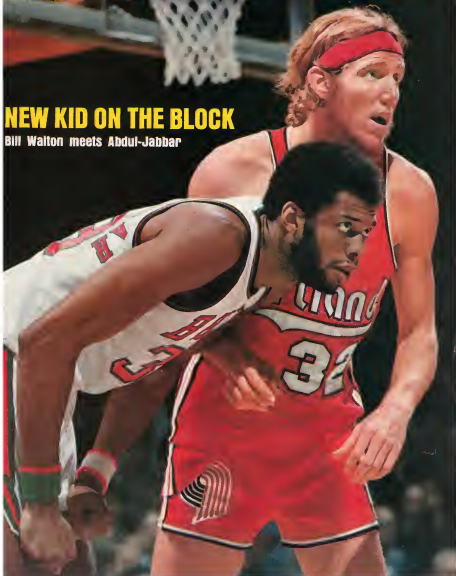
# Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 14, 1974

60 CENTS

## NEW KID ON THE BLOCK

Bill Walton meets Abdul-Jabbar





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1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

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That's exactly what Dasher is. The car that saves money on gas, upkeep, and all the problems of today. While still giving you the roominess and power that will be offered in the car of the future.

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\*Imported Car Performance, May 1974. \*\*Dasher 2-Door Sedan \$3,975 suggested retail price. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges additional. Wheel covers shown are optional at extra cost. \*\*\*Mileage based on German industry standards (DIN 75030). \*\*\*\*Imported Car Performance, May 1974. 1-Popular Science, February 1974.

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# BOOKTALK

in the first wave of fall come trivia, football rules, snowmobiles and fishing

The annual autumnal crunch of sports books has begun and, before it overwhelms us, here are some brief notes on four books that, for one reason or another, readers may want to know about.

*The Baseball Quiz Book*, by Ted Misa (Hawthorn, paperback, \$2.95) With trivia so much the vogue, the question is: Why didn't someone think of this book before? Genuine trivia experts can invent their own mind-busting questions, but for those of us with limited memories Ted Misa's little book is the perfect companion on evenings when two or more are gathered together in discussion of baseball trivia. There are several hundred questions in the book, and I hunted about 400 for the several dozen I tried to answer, which would lead either league but is leavy for trivia games.

*The Football Referee*, by Jerry Markbreit (Doubleday/Delphin, paperback, \$2.50) If you are serious to a fault about the technical side of football, Markbreit's little book should be a welcome companion as you watch the Patriots and the Oilers stumbling around on your television set. The questions you are likely to ask all seem to be raised here, and the answers by Markbreit to Big Ten officials are concise and helpful. College and NFL rules are covered, though I could find no acknowledgment of the existence of the NFL.

*The Snowmobile's Bible*, by Morten Lund and Bea Williams (Doubleday, paperback, \$2.50) The Doubleday series of sporting "bibles" is superb: when I bought a sailboat some years ago, the next thing I bought was *The Small-Boat Sailor's Bible*. Snowmobile freaks doubtless ought to follow suit now that this volume is available. Still, though the authors claim that the "book is all about how to maximize snowmobile enjoyment while minimizing the objections," those of us who find these machines gratuitous, bothersome and dangerous intrusions upon the wintry landscape will wish that more attention had been paid to the environmental offenses they commit.

*The Blue Water Bass Book: Secrets of Successful Big Game Fishing*, by Samuel A. Eap and William J. Wildeman (Little, Brown, \$7.95) I'm no fisherman, so I checked with my Miami Herald colleague, Jim Hardie, an outdoors columnist who says that the authors, both Florida big-game fishing-boat captains, have written the definitive book. In Hardie's words, "A real handbook on how to do it for deepwater fishermen." The book's ideas, Hardie says, is how and the Gulf Stream, but it pays decent respect to Pacific Coast fishing as well. I found virtually all its contents a mystery, but Hardie says it "covers every detail" and is "really authentic."

JONATHAN YARDLEY



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# Grown-up dreams.



Ezra Bowen, a member of the formidable Drinker family, changed into sports and all of his other great games with visions of championships in his head. Those visions never came true, but they certainly led him into some unusual situations.

This slender and often charming autobiography is about growing up, and the author admits that Peter Pan had

absolutely the right idea about the whole painful subject. There are moments when Bowen cannot seem to decide whether to remember the past as Hink Fenn or Holden Caulfield. No matter. He spares us any anguished memories about teenage sex. He is full of sentiment but no self pity. His quotes and anecdotes are often sharp and funny. *Time*

\$6.95 at all bookstores

**HENRY AND OTHER  
HEROES An Informal  
Memoir of High Dreams  
and Vanished Seasons  
by EZRA BOWEN**



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**"We bid \$105 million for oil shale rights on 5,000 acres of Colorado land.**

**It's a new source of billions of barrels of oil-and no foreign power can turn it off."**

—K. L. Berry, chemical engineer, Standard Oil Co. (Indiana)

The way our country needs oil we have to go after every source open to us.

So my company — Standard Oil Co. (Indiana) — and a partner company just committed \$105 million each to the U.S. Government for rights to 5,000 acres of land in the Piceance Basin in Western Colorado to develop a source of oil that's virtually untapped. Oil shale.

The oil shale on our lease runs underground from 200 feet to 900 feet deep. And we'll have to use mining techniques to get at it. The oil shale itself is simply rock with solid oil layered through it. There's so much oil in the shale from Western Colorado it will actually burn. (Matter of fact, cowboys used to burn oil shale in their campfires.)

But to get the oil from the rock — and do it in a way that respects the environment — will take a whole new technology.

That means time — and tremendous cost and risks. And that's why no one has attempted a shale project of this magnitude before.

But the potential is also tremendous. We estimate that the shale oil locked in those Colorado rocks can increase our country's total oil reserves by billions of barrels.

We're betting we can lick the problems and come up with the oil our country needs at prices people can afford. And the stakes are high — ultimately we'll spend over \$2 billion over the next 8 to 10 years to get this oil to market.

But we're going to get it there — and keep it flowing. Once we do, our country will be just that much less dependent on foreign sources. And we think that's good for all of us.



Standard Oil Company (Indiana)





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Cover photograph by Hans Klotzmeier

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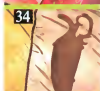
*Playing steadiness against speed, Emerson Fittipaldi lost the race but won the world driving crown.*

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## Next week

FRANK ROBINSON tells his own story of what it means to be named the first black manager in the majors and describes the challenges he faces and how he plans to meet them.

HOCKEY begins its season with new teams, new playoff schemes and a drastic realignment of the two leagues. Mark Mulvey provides a primer to bewildering complexities, ranks the NHL clubs and assesses their strong and weak points. Jerry Kushnbaum previews the WHA. And Coks Pinnay writes of "an eagle that lines the athletes' nests." That's player czar Alan Eagleson.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

We have never felt that it was necessary for our writers to match muscles with their subjects, but a few months ago when we assigned Dick Johnston to do a story on bodybuilders, one of his friends said, "I know the theory—but this is ridiculous!" That is the sort of overused phrase Johnston would have excised when he was copyediting this magazine—he was our executive editor until he retired four years ago—but he agreed that it was a quite understandable reaction. In fact, his working title for the piece on Arnold Schwarzenegger that begins on page 106 was: "A 175-pound Weakening Interview: the World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Johnston's lack of muscularity was first noted nationally in a *Time* magazine story by Robert Sherrod in 1943 describing the assault against Tarawa atoll in the Pacific. They were among the war correspondents who waded ashore with the Marines, and Sherrod described our man as "tall, pencil-thin Dick Johnston." This was something of an understatement; Johnston, who is 6'3", weighed 138 pounds at the time. The intervening years have added a good many pounds to "old pencil-thin," as some of his wartime colleagues still call him, but most of them have accrued around his waistline.

"I've never found being skinny much of an impediment," Johnston said the other day, "though I don't exactly strut down the beach at Waikiki. [Johnston has lived in Hawaii since 1970.] Actually, I'd like to lose a little weight. My abs aren't much help in holding my belly in." Abs is bodybuilder slang for abdominals, muscles Dick assumes he has in at least vestigial form, but has never been able to locate.

Johnston has been associated with *SI* not only from its birth but almost from its conception. It was a near-thing, though. In 1953 the still unnamed magazine was in the project stage, and was known colloquially—and somewhat skeptically—to members of other *Time*



JOHNSTON: NO ABS, SOME BICEPS

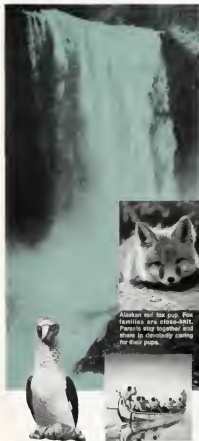
Inc. publications as "Muscles." Dick was then an editor of *LIFE*. When his phone rang one day and a cheery voice said, "How would you like to work on *Muscles*?" he politely replied, "You must have the wrong number." Sid James, *SI*'s first managing editor, finally persuaded him that he was serious. "Me on *Muscles*?" Johnston said unbelievably. He inspected his biceps and was not reassured, but after a fishing trip to Mexico to test his sporting instincts he joined up. When publication began in 1954 he was named assistant managing editor and, in 1964, became executive editor.

Sad to say, working on *Muscles* did not develop Johnston's, and to some degree diminished those few in residence, since his responsibilities left very little time even for fishing, golf or tennis, sports he had once enjoyed. He says, a bit defensively, "If or a man with my build—none to speak of, that is—I was a pretty fair athlete when I was in high school. I played a lot of baseball. I don't think I ever hit a home run, but I almost never struck out. I had a pretty good eye."

He still has a good eye, as friends who play billiards with him in his Honolulu home quickly learn. It has focused on more than 20 stories for us since his move to the islands.

*Sack Magazine*

# Now the beauty and glory of America's natural treasures are yours to enjoy as never before



The blue-footed booby of Baja California looks awkward and comical on land, but gives a superb performance when fishing at sea.

Early painting shows freight canoe men in the North Woods. These "voyageurs" were small but strong: one carried a load of 820 pounds uphill for a mile.

Alaskan red fox pup. Fox families are close-knit. Parents stay together and share in devotedly caring for their pups.

The wilderness areas that lie in and around the United States of America are one of our greatest treasures. The mountains, forests, shorelines and other sanctuaries are priceless not only as preserves where wild plants and animals can flourish but also as a source of spiritual refreshment for you.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

## SPORT IS FOR SPORTSMEN

This magazine has said often enough that politics has no place in sport. The dictum bears repeating in the wake of India's lamentable decision not to meet South Africa in the Davis Cup finals. Follow India's thinking to its logical conclusion and there would be almost no international competition. Communists would not meet capitalists, Scottish nationalists would refuse to compete against the English, and the Asian Games would collapse under the weight of religious partisanship.

When he visited South Africa last fall, Arthur Ashe said, "Sports is the Achilles' heel of South Africa." He meant that the South Africans' extraordinary devotion to sport might yet prove the undoing of the invidious policy of *apartheid*, which he, as a black, despises every bit as much as the Indians. Ashe knew that he was being used by his hosts, but he was using them, too, to show that black can play against white and the races sit next to each other in the stands without terrible consequences.

This was a modest contribution to the cause of tolerance, but preferable to a heavy-handed action that assures only that black will not meet white on the tennis courts of South Africa this year and may eventually help kill Davis Cup competition, one of the few vehicles in the world of sport that does bring people of all nations together. This is the sort of thing that happens when governments take the play away from the players.

## REST IN PEACE

A bastion of male chauvinism that had stood for 220 years fell recently, with not so much as a thorny burr in protest. Indeed, the end came with such stunning suddenness that the 180 assembled members of the Royal and Ancient Club were shocked speechless. Unheard of.

The beginning of the end was a letter from the Ladies' Golf Union to which, frankly, the ladies would have been happy merely to receive a reply. Inasmuch as

the Women's Open was to be played on the Old Course at St. Andrews this coming June, they wrote to the R. and A., please, sirs, would it not be possible for the players and officials to use the clubhouse? To their astonishment, the ladies were given access not only to the Silence Room (egad!), where the trophies and regalia are in a manner of speaking on display in a big iron safe, but to the Big Room, the holy of holies itself, and to the whole of the locker and changing accommodations.

In mannerly days, many years before, British golf writer Henry Longhurst recalls, the club once introduced a lady cashier to collect the luncheon money at the dining-room door. An elderly member spotted her and said, "Damn it, it's a woman!" He soon had her out, a boast he earned to his Scottish grave.

## HOW SOON THEY FORGET

Now that recent freshman Moses Malone is safely counting his money at the training camp of the Utah Stars of the American Basketball Association, a hot item on campus at the University of Maryland is a T shirt that says, "Moses Who?"

## FALSE HOPE

Tigran Petrosian, the Soviet chess champion, gave and took away last week in Moscow. Chess, he said, is no longer the major preoccupation of Russian youth that it was 20 years ago. "When I was a boy you had to fight for a board. But now there are more distractions and fewer young players." The chief distractions are television, soccer and hockey.

"But," said Petrosian, "chess is an element of the national culture. There is more search and support for young players." And what have the authorities found? The best youth player in the U.S.S.R. is a 12-year-old Georgian girl, Maya Chiburdanidze. "She is better than any boy of her age, a very quick thinker," Petrosian said, adding that one Bulgarian grand master who had watched her com-

pete recently called her "a shattering player—a girl Fischer." The U.S.S.R., it would appear, is not ready to bow out of the international picture just yet.

## KILLING WATTS

There is a ceiling now on the New Orleans Superdome but not on expenses. The latest estimate of operating costs per day, every day of the year: \$37,500. That includes bonded debt service, personnel and the new high price of energy. The last item is up about \$2,000 a day to \$4,800, or \$1,752,000 a year, just one more shock in a series that has jolted the dome's original backers.

## LOBBYIST ON THE RUN

Pan Am pilots, backing the financially pressed airline's request for a temporary government subsidy, had a message for William Proxmire, the jogging Senator from Wisconsin and one of the plan's



most vocal critics. But how to get it to him?

No problem, Copilot Rach Selpo said. A jogger himself, he hopped into his running clothes early one morning and trotted over to Proxmire's house where he waited for him to come out for his daily run to the Senate. Selpo fell in alongside the Senator, handed him a letter rolled up in a tube and, after a few pleasantries, bid him adieu.

Next morning when Proxmire came whisking out of his house, there was Selpo again, full of run. "I guess you have something else for me to read today," said Proxmire. As a matter of fact, said

continued

Selph, he did, and handed over another tube.

The pilots are taking no credit for it, but soon afterward Proxmire took the Senate floor to strongly back a Department of Transportation program of aid. From a runner's standpoint, it may have been a terrible mistake. The lonely mornings of the long-distance Senator seem numbered.

#### CONFUSION IN THE CREASE

As weeks go, the National Hockey League might better have spent a month or two locked in the ice of Hudson Bay. First, there were the matters of the divisions and the playoffs, for which the NHL has itself to blame. Then there was the new rules caper. TV is the culprit there.

"We're not saying the names represent an act of genius," was League President Clarence Campbell's modest appraisal of the new alignment of teams. How about an act of confusion? Hereinafter those who profess to follow NHL hockey will have to contend with four divisions named Lester Patrick, Conn Smythe, James Norris and Charles F. Adams grouped under two conferences called the Clarence Campbell and the Prince of Wales. If by some mnemonic miracle they manage to keep these straight, they will surely come a cropper on the geography and history of it all. The three Pacific Coast teams, for instance—Los Angeles, Vancouver and California—are in different divisions, and Toronto, which was led by Conn Smythe for over 30 years before his retirement, is in the Charles F. Adams Division, of course.

The playoffs are so cumbersome even Campbell admits they may not work. In simplified form, the 18-club league will play an 80-game schedule to boil six of their number away. The winners of the four divisions draw byes and the other eight teams play a best two-of-three series. Then come the best four-of-seven quarterfinals, the semis and, if anybody is still awake, the finals.

In one area where the league seemed determined not to high-stick itself—rewriting the rules to speed up the game (SEE STORY, Sept. 2)—it was laid low through votes influenced by the needs of television. Changing lines on the fly went down 11-7, a free shot when the goalie freezes the puck lost 15-3. Both had been tested in 27 exhibition games and won general approval, particularly the fast-

change rule that Boston's managing director, Harry Sinden, called "the best new rule in hockey since the introduction of the red line." Where games verged on three hours last season, the exhibitions averaged two hours and 15 minutes, but from a TV viewpoint that was just the trouble. The speedup did not allow enough time for commercials.

Spectators who prefer to do something during all that dead time have two choices. They can stay home rather than pay the stiff new prices for seats—\$12 tops in Toronto, \$10.50 in Montreal—and watch the commercials, or they can busy themselves at their seats trying to memorize the divisions. Could be a great time waster.

#### ENOUGH SAID

Standing alone in the torrent of words that flooded the country following the Cleveland Indian announcement that the team would have a new manager next year were statements by Frank Robinson himself and Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Quite neatly, they said all that the occasion required.

Robinson: "I just hope baseball people don't say, 'All right, Frank Robinson is the first black manager, we have one, that's it.' In my heart I don't think I was hired because I'm black. I hope not. I think I've been hired because of my ability."

Kuhn: "I don't think baseball should be exceptionally proud of this day. It's been long overdue and I'm not going to put myself on the back for it. It's time to say we've got something started, and I'm proud of that."

#### PRO BONO ACADEMIARUM

Academy football has fallen on hard times, a parlous state of affairs that engaged the attention of President Ford when he was still Vice-President. As the result of an article in the July 8 issue of this magazine, in which he said Army, Navy and Air Force should be competitive with college football's leading teams, there has been a movement afoot to change regulations to favor the admittance of pro-caliber players.

Annapolis has been the leader, as well it might be after the licks it has suffered in the past two weeks (\$2 0, 37-0). Under present rules, academy graduates have to remain five years in their service before they may pursue careers outside the military. It is proposed now that

academy athletes talented enough to go into professional sports be permitted to spread their service over a longer period of time, giving, for example, six months of each of the first 10 years to the pros and six months to the military. George Welsh, the Navy football coach, thinks a change along these lines would enable the academies to recruit those specialists who can turn an ordinary team into an extraordinary one. The teams, he thinks, could play Ohio State even on any given Saturday and the players would live to serve their country.

#### HOPE FOR THE DISADVANTAGED

You do not need a crystal ball to know which team is going to win the World Series. The American League team will because it does not have the home-team advantage. In 15 of the last 19 Series the team playing only three games at home—the third, fourth and fifth—won. The Oakland A's, by eking out their win last October on their own turf in the seventh game against the Mets, were one of the few exceptions to the rule.

Noting this odd fact, statistician Robert Norbington of the University of Delaware hypothesized that the team with three home games manages to split the opening games on the road, returns home for games 3, 4 and 5 and, buoyed psychologically, wins two of three. With a 3-to-2 advantage, it goes back on the road with enough pressure on the opponent to offset any home-park advantage. A check of the records bore out his theories. In the last 19 Series the home-team record for games 1 and 2 was 20-18. The home teams in games 3, 4 and 5 were 37-18, and in 6 and 7 they were 12-15.

Worthington had his bet down long before he had any idea who would play in this Series. American League, in six or seven.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Dave White, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute football coach, after playing Coast Guard under a thunder and lightning storm: "I moved back when the chains came near me and tried to stay away from the taller players."

• Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, asked if his teams had any weaknesses: "Sure. We have gone as long as seven years without a fumble between the center and quarterback. We've had two this season. That's 14 years shot to hell."

END

# Why you should consider a Saab if you're looking at a Volvo.

There are only two cars built in Sweden, Saab and Volvo. Both were initially designed and engineered to satisfy the particularly difficult driving conditions found in Scandinavia. And both have a reputation for being strong, durable and safe automobiles.

But there are a number of differences between the two which we feel makes the Saab a more sensible purchase decision.

## 1. Our shape.

At Saab, we've always felt that form should follow function. So we developed the shape of the Saab 99 with the help of

numerous wind tunnel tests. We know that aerodynamic testing and styling can do three important things for a car:

- Improve gas mileage, since the engine doesn't have to work as hard.
- Lower wind noise.
- Give excellent stability in crosswinds.

Now styling is a very subjective judgment, but we feel that the way our car looks, helps the way it works. And that in itself is very beautiful, indeed.

## 2. Smaller outside. More room inside.

The table below compares the general dimensions of the Saab 99 and Volvo 142. As you can see, Saab is considerably smaller on the outside than the Volvo. But on the inside, there are some surprises.

SAAB 99		VOLVO 142	
Overall length	174 0"	Overall length	188 0"
Wheelbase	97 4"	Wheelbase	103 0"
Headroom, front	38 5"	Headroom, front	39 0"
Headroom, rear	38 5"	Headroom, rear	35 5"
Trunk space (by volume)	23.3 cu ft	Trunk space (by volume)	23.2 cu ft

- The Saab has more headroom, front and rear than the Volvo.
- The Saab has a little more trunk space than the Volvo. (And that's even before you fold down the rear seat on Saab and find a little station wagon in back. A feature that Volvo doesn't have.)

We think that once you sit in both a Saab and a Volvo you'll note that in the other critical measurements Saab is about the same as Volvo.

## 3. Front-wheel drive.

A lot of people may not care whether it's the front wheels or the rear wheels of their car that move them. But we at Saab believe there is a very big difference. That's one reason that every car we've built has had front-wheel drive. Besides the fact that front-wheel drive is predicted to be on all cars in the future, we adhere to the front-wheel drive principle because we feel it's a safer system for the average driver because you're less apt to skid and it gives

you better directional stability. We also think that it gives you a sports-car feel of the road. And that the increased traction you get by putting the engine weight over the drive wheels is a big advantage on wet and slippery pavements.

## 4. Rack and pinion steering, overhead cam, etc.

In engineering the Saab, we have used a number of techniques that you won't find in Volvo.

Like our rack and pinion steering. Rack and pinion steering is the type of steering found on most famous race cars. Drivers prefer it because it gives them a better feel of the road and a more direct response.

Saab also has an overhead camshaft on its 2 liter fuel-injected engine. The reason? More efficient design.

Saab has a number of other features too, as does Volvo. Both have 4 wheel disc brakes, 4-speed manual transmissions (3-speed automatic optional), 15 inch wheels and radial tires standard.

Both even have electronically heated driver seats. (But we had it two years before Volvo.)

## 5. As many dealers as Volvo.

There is no question about who has sold more cars in the U.S. up until now. Volvo is ahead. And that tends to make a lot of people think that Saab just didn't have the sales and service facilities necessary to handle a large volume of cars.

But Saab has more than 450 dealers nationwide. As many as Volvo. More than Audi. And more than any other car in our class.

To find the dealer nearest you, check the yellow pages.

## 6. Price.

Often the first—and final—decision on a new car is based on price. Saab and Volvo are competitively priced. The P.O.E. price of the Saab 99LE two door with manual transmission, radial ply tires, and all other standard equipment is \$4698. The comparable model for Volvo is the 142 at \$4780.

## 7. The test drive is the test.

The real difference between two cars cannot be adequately judged until you have driven both cars. That's why we think everyone looking at a Volvo is not being fair to themselves until they also test drive a Saab.

We think the fun of driving that you experience in a Saab will convince you that comfortable, safe, dependable, practical, economical transportation doesn't have to be dull.

No matter what other car you may be considering, we think once you test drive a Saab you'll be convinced to buy one.

# SAAB

## It's what a car should be.

Price does not include dealer prep., taxes and optional equipment. At any



# A PATRIOTIC SHOUT

*Staid, old New England has tossed aside its patrician cool, reacting with collegiate fervor to the hyped-up Patriots, who last Sunday afternoon crushed the Baltimore Colts for their fourth straight NFL victory* **by DAN JENKINS**

From that wonderful land that gave you statesmanship, rusted anchors, America, intellectuals, banking, town houses, landscape painting, Ted Williams, Bill Russell and Bobby Orr, there now comes football. A new kind of madness is sweeping New England. Four weeks deep into the season some guys known as Patriots instead of your basic Celtics or Bruins or Red Sox or Political Activists or Scrubs just happen to be undefeated and united and unafraid, and if this sort of thing continues much longer there is the possibility that someone sitting around Harvard Square discussing Sanskrit poetry as it applies to the works of Joan Didion may even look up from the water pipe and ask who Chuck Fairbanks and Jim Plunkett are.

It all started way back there on Sept. 15 when the Patriots, those funny people who used to play football wherever they could find an empty parking lot, whipped up on the Miami Dolphins. It continued when the Patriots, those hilarious comedians who once played a lame game in Birmingham, Ala., defeated the New York Giants. It kept up when the Patriots, those laugh-a-minute clowns who once used to view their game films on bed sheets, startled the Los Angeles Rams. And last Sunday the excitement held at a peak when the Patriots, those howling vaudevillians who

once almost had to elect John Quincy Adams their most valuable player, went out and utterly destroyed the Baltimore Colts by 42-3.

Heretofore, the Patriots had been doing what they were not supposed to do. They had been scoring upsets. This time, as heavy favorites, they were confronted with the task of having to look good against a group of mystery folks, the Colts, who were in the midst of a strange emotional trauma. And all the Patriots did was come roaring into their stadium out there in an obscure forest halfway between Boston and Providence and look as though they could pole up about a million points if they needed to.

In a way, their performance against the Colts did more to make them believable than any of those past wonders. If they were any good, they would win big. If they weren't, they might have problems with a Baltimore team that suddenly had a new head coach out of the business office because it had a relatively new owner out of heating & ventilating and a lot of players who were still wondering whatever happened to Johnny Unitas.

Well, what the Patriots did, of course, with all of this new confidence and collegiate kind of spirit that has been given to them by Head Coach Chuck Fairbanks, was once again unleash the throwing arm and savvy of Quarterback Jim

Plunkett, the unnerving speed and pivot of Running Back Mike-Mike-Marvy-Mack Herron; the good hands and stimulating antics of Reggie Rucker, the pass catcher, and the swarming goat-like defense of a bunch of unknown gypsies culled from waiver lists, the 14th round of drafts and the exotic world of free agents. The Patriots were so certain of what they could do against Baltimore that they hopped up and down, clapping their hands, before the pregame introductions. Then, one by one, led by Rucker, they aroused the crowd by trotting out with their fists raised in the air. College kids, right?

"I like to get 'em stirred up," said Rucker later. "If you get yourself stirred up, the other team might get the idea you're ready to pounce on 'em early."

But pros don't act like that, he was told.

"Maybe that's wrong," he said. "Maybe that's something that needs to change. We're playing with enthusiasm and we're having fun."

It was particularly fun on the game's third play from scrimmage. Plunkett, who read the Colt defense like the funny papers all day long, called a beautiful pass pattern known intimately to the Pa-

*continued*

*Jim Plunkett calls nearly all Patriot plays, has already thrown nine touchdown passes.*





trials as "142 DIG," whatever that means. Plunkett read the Colt blitz, which told him Rucker had some poor soul one-on-one and would beat him deep. Center Bill Lenkaitis and Fullback Sam Cunningham picked up the blitz, the way centers and fullbacks should. Plunkett pitched one of those nifty bombs of his, and as it hung in the clear autumn air everybody knew it was going to find the hands of Reggie Rucker, who had outdistanced Colt Cornerback Doug Nettles and was streaking for the town commons of Foxboro, and that this was going to be a 69-yard touchdown play.

Poor Baltimore was doomed.

A few minutes later Plunkett saw the Colt defense set up just perfect for a double-reverse end-around, and Darryl Stingley did a minuet behind Lenkaitis and swept 23 yards for a touchdown. The Colts could be fooled any number of ways.

Plunkett hurled two more touchdown passes—another to Rucker, a short one to Cunningham—giving him nine scoring passes in four games. He has scarcely been intercepted by anybody except Fairbanks, who summons him into meditative session from time to time to make sure Jim is still thinking good enough to keep on calling 95% of the Patriots' plays, which is what he has been doing. Last year, when Fairbanks was finding his way, making the adjustment from college ball, he called the plays, possibly be-

cause he had read somewhere that Paul Brown and Tom Landry did it. Plunkett didn't like that system at all, and now it's been changed.

Last year Fairbanks tried to use a standard pro defense, which required linebackers he didn't have. Now he has adopted the mystique of the 3-4, with its concealed rushes, and he has several helmets in the defensive lineup that weren't there a year ago.

Fairbanks also decided to use little Heron (he's 5'5", 170) as a regular rather than as a spot speedster. These days, a pro team without the outside running threat can forget it. "You've got to have one of those who ain't gonna let the grass grow under his feet," says Fairbanks. "You've got to have that guy who can make something happen. When Mack gets the football, he makes the other crowd hold onto the seat of their pants."

Fairbanks, who came to New England from the University of Oklahoma, readily admits that he has tried to instill something of a Boomer Sooner spirit and attitude in the Patriots. With his clockwork practices, the fact that he works harder than anyone else, and his positive beliefs, he surely deserves most of the credit for turning the team around.

"It's nice we've been able to win, because now these guys might get the idea that what I've said about hard work pays off," he says with a grin. "We're not out of the woods yet by any means. You can't



*New England's special favorite is tiny runner*

*Wide Receiver Stingley sweeps right behind Center Lenkaitis for 23 yards and a touchdown.*



look at the teams we've got to play up ahead and feel very secure."

That's certainly true. Joe Namath this week. Buffalo and O.J. twice. Miami again. Oakland. Minnesota. Pittsburgh. New England's schedule must have been devised by Charles Addams. The miracle might not last much longer. The odds are against it, but then the odds on New England being 4-0 right now were about as good as those on Las Vegas joining the Union. On the other hand, New England is a young team, which may explain why it buys Fairbanks' motivations. Who can say what it might be capable of? Emotion might go a greater distance than x's and o's, especially if you combine it with Jim Plunkett's arm and some varied speed.

Last Sunday, for once, it was the Patriots who were predictable, while Baltimore came into the game needing John



ick Harris, dwarfed by towering teammates.

Le Carré to fathom its mysteries after the bizarre events of the previous week. On Sept. 29, while the Colts were in the process of losing their third straight game of the young season, a little light bulb came on over the head of Baltimore Owner Bob Irsay. Things probably wouldn't be so horrible, he thought, if Coach Howard Schnellenberger would use Bert Jones at quarterback instead of Marty Domres. Most Baltimore fans agreed with Irsay, or, if that wasn't the case, they simply liked the ring of a chant which went "We Want Jones."

In any event, Irsay, who was down on the sideline during the third quarter, went over to Schnellenberger and said something on the order of "Don't you think it's about time you put Jones in at quarterback?"

At which point Schnellenberger gave the owner the thumb, and, according to

Irsay, used some profanity that he did not have the copyright to. That was not a terrific thing for a coach to say to an owner, and it didn't help that right after it Domres threw an interception for a touchdown. Irsay seethed for a while, then went to the locker room, although the game hadn't ended. Before Joe Thomas, the general manager, could get there Irsay announced that Schnellenberger was fired and that Thomas, who had not had a whistle around his neck in 13 years, was taking over.

The Colt players were stunned, then confused, then angered—partly because they liked Schnellenberger and partly because Thomas had not endeared himself to them.

Bert Jones said, "This is pro football? I think Howard's a hell of a coach. We've got 11 more weeks in the season and we'll be counting the days until we can get out of here."

Domres said, "I think it's all ridiculous. If we start to win, it won't be because of Joe Thomas. It will be in spite of what's happened."

Thomas had a week to find a baseball cap and a windbreaker, not to mention a whistle. He had not coached since he left Calgary in 1960 to become a scout and then a general manager. As a front-office leader he had earned much of the credit for building the Minnesota Vikings and the Miami Dolphins.

The first thing he did as new head coach was try to be a wonderful fellow. He said, "You guys have been working too hard," and he cut the practice time in half. Then he cut the playbook in half.

"I honestly don't know if I can be a good head coach," he said. "I'm not qualified to go out and install a whole new system. But I'm qualified to function as a coordinator. We've got six assistants. They'll do most of the work, and I'll be the guy on the sideline who says whether we try a field goal, or punt, or go for it." At practices during the week before the Patriots game he spent most of his time chatting and joking with the press about his new role, letting the underlings do the manual labor.

"When I was a scout, I saw how the big-time guys did it," he said. "Bear Bryant, Bobby Dodd, those fellows. They stood around a lot and pretended to be disinterested."

But in New England on Sunday it was evident that Thomas and the shattered Colts have a long season ahead. They ap-

peared fairly loose, but they also looked fairly uninspired. Jones stayed out there sailing missiles all afternoon, but most of them sailed over everyone's head. When Bert did complete one to Ray Chester, Chester was met by Prentice McCruy, the Patriots' safety, who, instead of tackling him, seized on Chester's preoccupation with gloom to take the football out of his arms.

This was one of the things that contributed to the game being over by the middle of the third quarter. At this point the score was 35-3, and it was obvious to the crowd of 59,502 in Schaefer Stadium that the Patriots could make the score just about anything they chose. Fairbanks chose to hold it down just as if he were back at Oklahoma and the Sooners were facing Kansas State. He removed Plunkett and most of the other heroes, but the subs, led by the antique quarterback, Dick Shiner, got another touchdown anyhow, giving the New England fans one more chance to wave their red, white and blue streamers, their towels, their handkerchiefs and their tricorn hats.

In a way, it was too bad, for Baltimore's ineptitude obscured the fact that New England has become a fairly astonishing football team. As Reggie Rucker said for all the Patriots, who are believing more and more in themselves, "Something's happening around here, baby. Something's happening." **END**

Chuck Fairbanks: Sooner Sooner spirit



# IN THE HEAT OF THE FIGHT

*Mike Cuellar quelled the A's in Game One.*



*Ken Holtzman burned the Birds in Game Two.*



**H**eat was an element much in evidence as major league baseball set about determining its pennant winners. Entering the playoffs, the two hot teams were the Orioles and Pirates, but the weekend games demonstrated that even tepid teams can warm quickly to the occasion if they have talent—and both the Athletics and Dodgers have been known to ignite on very short notice. Pittsburgh felt L.A.'s heat first; then, having scorched the A's, the Orioles were burned themselves. Baltimore had not lost since Sept. 21, and in the series opener Saturday it routed 25-game winner Catfish Hunter, prevailing 6-3 on homers by Paul Blair, Bobby Grich and Brooks Robinson and the wily pitching of 22-game winner Mike Cuellar. The loss seemed to be the spark needed by the A's, who had played only .500 baseball the last six weeks of the season. On Sunday, Sal Bando and Ray Fosse hit home runs and A's lefthander Ken Holtzman shut out the Orioles 5-0 to even the series.



*Sprawling Bobby Grich  
hopes too late to stop  
the A's swift Bill North  
from stealing second.*



*Home run hitter Paul Blair  
(left) gets a hand from  
Grich, who gives Blair  
two after homering also.*

PLAYOFFS *continued*

## MUFFLING THE MUSCLE

In the National's playoffs it was the very essence of baseball—strength matched against strength, Pirate hitting against Dodger pitching. But there was little to show for Pittsburgh muscle in the first two games as the Dodger pitching triumvirate of Don Sutton, Andy Messersmith and Mike Marshall muffled the explosive Pirate attack. Unable to score a run in the weekend's first 15 innings, the Pirates fell feebly to Sutton, who shut them out 3-0, and to Messersmith and the omnipresent reliever Marshall, who combined to defeat them 5-2 and tear their pennant hopes nearly to tatters. That the Dodgers banged out 21 hits could hardly be considered surprising: as a team Los Angeles hit only two points below the Pirates. Sawed-off Third Baseman Ron Cey, who drove in 97 runs during the season, had four hits Sunday (tying an NL playoff record), including a homer.

—RON FIMBRITE



Shutout winner Sutton is congratulated by Catcher Steve Yeager.



Dodger Davey Lopes overslides sliding second but is safe under Paul Popovich's leg.

Ron Cey connects for a home run in Game Two, biggest of his record-tying four hits



# THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO TEACHER

*In his first postgraduate seminar with Abdul-Jabbar, rookie Bill Walton learned a few things but made points of his own*  
by PAT PUTNAM

**B**ill Walton studied the question as a man might study a shotgun pointed at his head. The giant center had just played in his fourth professional game for Portland, an exhibition against Washington last Thursday night in Landover, Md., and he had been called for three fouls in the first 10 minutes. Some of the calls had been odd, and when more followed he was retired by the officials in the final quarter. It hadn't helped when Washington won the game in double overtime. Now Walton was asked what he thought of the officiating.

Another player might have lashed out, either at the officials or at the questioner. Not Walton. Fresh from a shower, he frowned as he towed his lanky body. He stared at the floor, peered across the room at his Portland teammates and looked down at the questioner, who began to fidget. A long silent moment passed, followed by another. At last, just as it seemed he would remain forever mute, he spoke, barely. "No comment," he said softly. "I am not getting paid to evaluate the officiating."

For Walton, who long ago decided that he was in the public domain only while on the basketball court, the answer was the equivalent of a speech. Always a



Whenever Abdul-Jabbar saw in Walton's wild expression, the NBA MVP was not intimidated.

private person, except in those rare moments when he chose to speak out against the war in Vietnam or racial discrimination, the NBA's prize rookie has become even more reclusive. And that, to his horror, has made those people who are determined to invade his private life even more curious about him. "I play basketball and when I'm not playing I do my own thing," he says patiently and politely. "The two parts are not connected. I'll talk about the first, not about the second."

It isn't working. For one thing when you are 6'11" it's tough to get lost in a crowd. And when you compound it with

long flowing red hair held in place by a bandanna, add a beard and dress like a mountain man, people just naturally are going to want to know—for starters, anyway—what you had for dinner.

If Walton elected to answer, he would probably say that he had dined on a plate of lettuce, peas, tomatoes, cucumbers and cottage cheese, followed by numerous apples and oranges and grapes, with perhaps a few avocados. All washed down by drafts of liquefied ginseng root or milk, followed by some oats for protein. Two years ago he gave up meat and fish. "Dead flesh," he calls it. This is the part of his counter-culture life-style that





has the Trail Blazers slightly worried. The NBA isn't the NCAA and its centers need vast quantities of sustenance to help them survive the pounding of an 82-game schedule, three times longer and infinitely more wearing than UCLA's.

Most NBA players like to report in the fall at least five pounds overweight, feeling that they'll be just right when the season opens. Last summer when Walton wasn't fasting he was eating nothing but raw fruit and vegetables, and when he reported on Sept. 16 he weighed 216 pounds, 14 pounds less than he did at UCLA. He was checked by a team doctor, who said Walton knew his own body

better than any athlete he had ever seen—and not to worry. Walton promised the Blazers that he would add soups and large amounts of rice to his diet and be up to 225 by the opener against Cleveland next weekend. "Maybe he can do it now that we have ended the two-a-days," says Stu Inman, the team's vice-president.

No matter, for the moment at least. In his pro debut, a 92-91 Portland victory over Los Angeles, Walton was both slender and devastating. He showed the Lakers a stunning combination of agility, size, coordination and determination. He loves the game and loves to play it well. And he's smart. He was, after all, a John Wooden pupil and he comes into the pros as a master of the fundamentals.

Perhaps the most notable aspect of his game so far is the way he uses his hands, both on offense and defense. As he works endlessly for position with quick, sure steps, his hands are held high and his fingers are spread tensely to reach for a pass or to pluck at a rebound. Daring about, his hands at shoulder height, he resembles a giant crane and, startlingly, a red-haired Abe Lincoln. "My God, look at that!" screamed a lady fan last week. "It's Honest Abe out there in short pants."

The historic first meeting of Walton and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar last Friday night drew a sellout crowd of 13,458 to the arena at Dayton, Ohio, and if anyone had polled the audience later it would have been 13,458-0 that the veteran Milwaukee center had taken the 21-year-old rookie to school. Walton agreed with that estimate. "I said it before and I'll say it again: he is the best I've ever seen," Walton whispered after the Bucks had won 103-96. "I learned something out there tonight."

Abdul-Jabbar, who was to break a bone in his right hand in a fit of pique the next night, didn't allow himself to get quite so excited about playing Walton. He started slowly, almost cautiously, as though feeling out the NBA's No. 1 draft pick. Two minutes passed before he posted his first points, on a short jumper.

Then he quickly went to work: a stuff, another jumper, a layup, a hook. He was showing the kid where it was at, all with a somewhat bored expression. Then with one second left in the first quarter, Abdul-Jabbar picked up a loose ball some 15 feet from the basket, half-turned and hit with a sky hook.

With that, he turned and strolled toward the bench. Behind him he left a momentarily shattered Walton, staring at the basket and shaking his head. By the time the post-graduate seminar was over, Abdul-Jabbar had scored 34 points, Walton 15. During the 27 minutes they were on the floor together Abdul-Jabbar had outscored Walton 28-8.

On that evidence alone it was a total mismatch. But it wasn't, really. Walton came down with 16 rebounds, Abdul-Jabbar with 11. And time and again Walton managed to work inside his taller opponent under the offensive basket only to have a successful Portland shot make his move superfluous. He is a much more aggressive and a more naturally gifted rebounder than Abdul-Jabbar.

In the Lakers game Walton had an impressive 28 rebounds against seven-foot Elmore Smith, 12 of them at the offensive end. Offensive rebounds are a significant statistic that the ABA has long recorded but the NBA began to keep track of only last season.

In orthodox situations, the defensive man maintains position between the player he is assigned to guard and the basket. When the ball goes up, the defender's assignment is to turn toward the basket, crouched low and with elbows lifted behind him, and to take up enough space to prevent the offensive player from moving into rebounding position. For some teams, it is enough if a defender does nothing more than this, just checking his man off the boards.

But when Walton is checked, he uses his quickness to slice past the defender and get to the board. By slapping an offensive rebound to keep it alive or by actually recovering a missed shot, Walton not only gives Portland another opportunity for two points but at the same time deprives opponent

continued

ents of the possibility of a fast break.

It is also true that in the schemes of their respective coaches, Abdul-Jabbar is supposed to score more than Walton. When Walton asks for the ball, it is to hit someone with a pass. Abdul-Jabbar's instructions are to look first for a shot and pass if no opportunity presents itself. As a rule, Walton will shoot only if no passing opportunity occurs.

Still, Walton must do some scoring. Since his opening performance of 26 points against the Lakers, his production has tailed off badly. He had only 10 against Golden State, hit on but three of 18 shots from the field against the New York Knicks and scored just six points against Washington. "Just six points?" said K. C. Jones, the Washington coach. "Man, he can do it all. He's quick, he's smart. He's a good passer, he knows when to shoot, he blocks shots. What else is there?"

"Only experience. It's the first time he's ever played me," said Abdul-Jabbar after the Bucks game, "and the first time

is always tough. It's always tougher for the younger man because the older man knows what he's doing. I could tell him but you have to learn through experience. He's got to learn to face the basket. But he's quick and he rebounds well and he tries to help his teammates."

The towering All-Star center thought about his own pro introduction and he had to laugh. "It was against Nate Thurmond in that crazy place, the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco with the crystal chandeliers. I got five rebounds and five points, I don't remember what Nate had but we got beat real badly. It was a memorable night for me because my performance was so even."

Walton's preseason shooting slump does not rate high among Portland's concerns. At UCLA he set an NCAA field-goal mark by hitting 65% of his shots, and he finished as the second highest scorer (behind Lew Alcindor, as Abdul-Jabbar was then known) in UCLA history. "At UCLA we always had two months of practice before our first

game," Walton says, as a possible explanation for his poor marksmanship. "At Portland we had just two weeks. It will come. Besides, this isn't a one-man team. We've got some really great shooters—people like Sidney Wicks and Geoff Petrie and J. J. Johnson. It's my job to see that they score."

Right on, says Wicks, a three-time All-Star forward and the NBA Rookie of the Year in 1972, who was delighted when his ex-teammate took up residence in Portland. "With Bill here I've been able to do things I used to be able to do at UCLA," says Wicks. "I can play good defense and we are playing good team defense. We can run plays into Bill. We can do to teams what they used to do to us. We can be aggressive. I have to play more without the ball, but the adjustment has to be made by me. I can cut more, but not go so deep because Bill's in the area. It opens some opportunities because when I drive, now I can drop the ball off to Bill. We're playing right-on basketball."

After Walton's encounter with Abdul-Jabbar, Lenny Wilkens, who has elected to become a player-coach this season, was asked to assess his rookie's performance. "To compare Bill with Kareem at this time, after only one game, would be unfair. Bill is still learning. But who could he learn better from than Kareem? And no matter how great Bill does become, he will always be a different player from Kareem. This one game doesn't prove anything at all. All this proves is that Kareem is one heckuva player."

And what about Walton's performance over the long season?

"It can only improve," said Wilkens. "If you mean physically, in camp he was tested. He knows what it is all about. He moves so well, he's not so easy for guys to pound. I don't think it will be a problem. A player can be strong without being well-built. He's wiry strong."

After the game, Abdul-Jabbar went back to his hotel room. He was lying on the bed watching television when three friends came in: Walton, Wicks and LaRue Martin, Portland's other center, who suddenly has begun playing very well. On the tube the sportscaster began talking about how badly Abdul-Jabbar had outplayed the rookie. For a moment the room was quiet. And then Abdul-Jabbar, staring at the ceiling, said softly, "Big deal."

Heading for backwoods or hardwood, Walton carries a sack of emergency notions.





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# the course that jack built

A friend and occasional critic looks over the layout Nicklaus designed near his hometown, Columbus, and concludes it has everything but a name. The determination that made Jack a champion underlies his emergence in a related profession

by Dan Jenkins

One day last spring at the grand opening of the place, as I stood under a tent surrounded by steaming sauerkraut balls and melting ice cubes, it was explained to me by various members of the Nicklaus Mafia that the rolling land where Jack had designed and built his new course was unlike anything else around Columbus, Ohio, because a geologic phenomenon had occurred a few millennia before giving it the valleys and vistas that so distinguish the premises. So I said to the architect, "Hey, Jack. That gives you the name. Accident Hills."

While he currently calls it Muirfield Village, much to the dissatisfaction of many friends (including me)—it simply is not original enough for the brilliant design he has created—he hopes the press will think of something suitable, or catchy, when it covers the proposed invitational tournament to be held there beginning in 1976. The development itself will continue to be known as Muirfield Village. It seems

Jack so enjoyed and appreciated winning his first British Open at Muirfield that he was determined one day to name something Muirfield, even if it had to be a son, a daughter or a golf club.

So far, I think Barbara Nicklaus has the best idea. Bear Creek—or Bear Run—at Muirfield Village, she said. This gets across two things: the stream that confronts the player on just about every other swing—it comes into play on no fewer than eight holes—and the nickname of an executive for Air Bear, the charter jet that transports the world's leading golfer to many of the tournaments he wins. The other evening Jack sketched the logo for Air Bear—a cub in a parachute with a Lear jet flaming out in the background, and the slogan: FLY AIR BEAR. NOBODY'S PERFECT.

Nicklaus did very little joking with the design of his course, although he certainly had as much fun as with anything he has ever done. The Masters influence is evident.

*continued*



The 13th hole presents a double headache, a cluster of trees in a bunker. The official opening of the course last May included some remarks by the architect himself.





Nothing difficult about the par-3  
8th as long as you stay away from the bunkers  
encircling the green and are not  
fooled by a valley that makes  
the shot seem longer than it is—174 yards



On the 5th hole (above), a par-5, a creek emerges from the woods about 300 yards from the tee, turns left and bisects the fairway right up to the green, forcing the golfer to place his second shot right of center—the preferable position—or even left of center, but definitely not in between. On the 17th (left) an accurate drive of at least 200 yards is required to avoid both the body and tail of a monstrous sand trap.







The course plays to a 36-36-72, and he has some par-5s touched by the beauty of trees and water that present the golfer with the kind of options he faces at Augusta's 13th and 15th. His par-3s are strong and lovely, and one of them, the 12th, is going to remind everyone of the same numbered hole at Augusta, although from the back tee it is quite different, a downhill, postcard shot over water. Another similarity with the Masters is the presence of huge mounds for spectators.

For all this, Jack's course has a real character of its own. The land is special, and Nicklaus, the architect, at last doing his own design after working with Pete Dye and Desmond Muirhead, has used it wonderfully. It is reasonably short as championship courses go, it is constantly channeled through a marvelous variety of trees, the sand is plentiful and combines well with art, and that stream, Bear Creek or Bear Run, is ever present for beauty and challenge.

As he is with his golf game, Jack is a perfectionist as a designer. He is still changing the course, and will continue to do so. "A course has to grow," he said, meaning in character. A lake was dug for the par-5 11th, and now it has been filled in and the stream rerouted. The shot did not work, he said. Bunkers are still being deepened and reshaped, and one of them at the par-4 13th, sprawling around some trees by the green, has been recultured.

The real strength of the course, I think, is in the par-4s. He has nearly half a dozen that may someday make anyone's list of the best holes around. The drives have to be pinpointed, and the second shots must flirt with water or sand. Mostly, they are short, devilish little shots to tricky flag positions on narrow and fast undulating greens. Members who have been playing the course all summer are already arguing about the best of the best, and most of their talk centers around the 3rd, the 6th, the 9th and the 13th. The 3rd is a tough approach over a pond and deep bunkers to a narrow green, the 6th a four-iron over water and around a huge tree on the right, the 9th a pitch from a corridor of trees to a water-fronted green, and the 13th a medium shot to a severe green, well protected by sand.

Overall, the course probably favors a fade from the tees. It seems to play mostly downhill, and always the golfer has the feeling that he can't let a shot slip in any direction. Too much trouble around: he is trapped in a funnel.

But the most certain thing of all is that regardless of the name Jack's course inherits eventually—Jack's Track, the Village Club, Bear Run, Accident Hills—it already deserves to be rated with the great layouts in this country, and it will prove as much in time.

While the water hazard is wider and the bunkers larger, the par-3 12th hole bears a resemblance to a famous 12th—Augusta's

# My Lasting Contribution

by Jack Nicklaus

I have rarely met a person who loves golf who is not interested in golf-course design. Often this interest is subconscious, but given a chance it will surely surface. Make a comment about a hole at his golf club to any member who can break 90 and almost certainly you will provoke conversation, if not debate. Maybe he never knew he had a point of view, but the moment you offer yours he'll respond, usually with a strong opinion. Frequently you will discover a fellow who has a mental master plan for improving not only every hole on his own layout and all the courses within a 20-mile radius, but also Pebble Beach, Pine Valley and the Old Course at St. Andrews.

My interest in course design began years ago. As far back as I can remember I have preferred outdoors to indoors, and natural things to manufactured things. The main reason golf appealed to me so much as a kid was that I could do it by myself, without the dependence on other people that most sports involve, but the appeal of the course itself was also a major factor. A golf course—in those days, any golf course—was simply a marvelous place to be, a constant source of pleasure and contentment quite apart from the actual playing of the game.

From that simple starting point I became more and more intrigued, as my game improved, by the way in which the elements that make up a course determine the type and quality of shots a golfer is called upon to play. I became (and remain) fascinated with the effects of grass, trees, water, sand and the shape and texture of the land itself in determining shotmaking values. Seeking to understand each new hole I encountered, I would try to put myself in the mind of the architect, try to figure out why he had done, or perhaps been forced to do, particular things in particular ways. Inevitably this intense observation improved my strategic approach to shotmaking, which led to better scoring, which encouraged me to develop an ultra-analytical approach to the game as a competitive tool. It also led to a lot of second-guessing and to the conviction that there were many more inferior golf holes in the world than there were great ones. I was anxious to go to work with a bulldozer years before I ever got around to offering anyone an opinion on a design factor.

Thus my development as a player made it more or less inevitable that eventually I would become involved in course design at some level. The way things have worked out, I am now, at 34, in it up to my neck, spending just about as much time and effort designing courses as playing them, and I am anxious to make course design a lifelong career. Why has this happened, at a time when, theoretically, I am

continued

just approaching the peak of my playing career? The answer is simple: it turns me on. I enjoy it. It may be immodest of me, but I think I have something to contribute. I think I can become a good golf-course designer and I enjoy being involved in things that I do well.

The more complex answer, probably the real driving force, has to do with intellectual challenge and fulfillment. As time has passed I've experienced a restlessness that is curbed less and less by winning golf championships, one that is satisfied only by the kind of mental and emotional effort required to create and orchestrate things. Certainly I am not unfilled by my competitive achievements, and my playing career is not over. But perhaps I also need to do something with more permanence if I am to find that ultimate inner satisfaction we all privately strive toward. In brief, I guess I am more artistic than I thought.

There are some challenges in golf-course design that you discover only when you get into the actual mechanics of the job. The first time I pulled on a pair of boots to walk virgin land with Pete Dye I had some pretty rigid attitudes—I tended to think designing courses was almost a pure art form. Today, seven years later, I still think the top designers were artists, but I now know they were also craftsmen. I have also learned humility. There were a couple of famous American architects whose courses I really disliked, and I tended to say so given the slightest opening. Some of my comments embarrass me now. I still do not care for their concepts, their broad strokes, but I do understand the sheer technical reasons for a lot of their work. And the main thing I understand is that when they did something that was not to my taste it was usually because they did not have any alternative.

The big limitation to what sort of course you can build today is the quality of the land left over once the developers have had their pick. Almost every major American course was built between the two world wars as a private club, using prime land then easily and cheaply available, with virtually no real estate or other commercial considerations. The choice of land, the designing, the construction, the maturing maintenance, were all labors of love.

Those days are vanishing, almost certainly forever. National Golf Founda-

tion statistics show that of the 10,896 golf courses in operation at the end of 1973, 4,710, or 43.2%, were "for-profit" operations. Two decades earlier only 26.1% of the nation's courses were operated for profit. NGF figures also show that only 21.46% of the full-size courses built in the U.S. in 1963 were part of either second- or primary-home developments, whereas 44.38% of the courses built in 1973 were in those categories. It's a safe bet that most of those 1973 real-estate-linked courses were built on leftover dirt—the best land having gone for homesites and utilities. Considering the land-money limitations within which they have had to work, I've come to believe that the majority of real pros among U.S. golf-course designers are doing some fine work.

It is my guess that not more than 10 courses have been built in the U.S. in the past five years where the designer was given first choice of an outstanding tract of land, total freedom of design and a more than adequate construction and initial maintenance budget. Those happy circumstances applied at my new Muirfield Village Golf Club. There have been no compromises, and thus the course has been well received. But so should. Given the land and the conditions I had, it would have been unforgivable if I had produced an inferior course.

Most golfers, being businessmen, would probably accept the inevitability of the limits imposed upon course design by commercial factors. But another problem—nature itself—is tougher for the golfer to understand, because it is difficult to believe until you've actually felt the pain of running into it headfirst. I have been fortunate in working with and learning from some fine professionals, first Pete Dye, on the Harbour Town Golf Links in Hilton Head, S.C. and other courses, then Desmond Muirhead, on a number of courses where differing uses demanded widely varying design approaches, notably Muirfield Village (a private club) and the Jack Nicklaus Golf Center in Cincinnati (a public course). Dye, a golfing purist in his approach to land, with a very subtle sense of strategy involving great intricacy of design, taught me much about naturalness. Muirhead, a master land-planner with a strong sense of overall environmental impact, vastly increased my ability to conceptualize land use on a total rather than

a detailed scale. Now I have my own highly qualified design, construction and maintenance teams. These people have increased my craftsmanship, occasionally by the never-easy process of changing my mind about artistic or shut-value objectives. But I still have a tough time living with the invariability of nature, accepting the fact that sometimes the good earth simply will not permit you to achieve the esthetic golfing ideals that you have in mind.

Muirfield Village is a case in point. I set out to build not only an outstanding golf course for every level of player, but a magnificent course for watching a tournament. What that requires is elevation—putting the spectator above the arena. The word we've coined among ourselves to describe it is "amphitheater-ing." The wonderful roll and dip of the land we had gave us a head start on many holes, but on others we had to move substantial quantities of countryside. The lessons I've learned therefrom about water levels, drainage, slippage, rock formation, afforestation, agronomy and so forth will be invaluable to me for the rest of my design career. And I have also come to appreciate something all the great golf designers have learned: change the world as little as you possibly can, because it has been there a long time. It doesn't like being shoved around, and if you shove it too hard it will shove you back a lot harder.

Because I am now building courses on three continents, I spend hours answering questions about my design "philosophy." I find it impossible to capsuleize my attitudes into one simple statement, but my efforts are based on some pretty specific criteria.

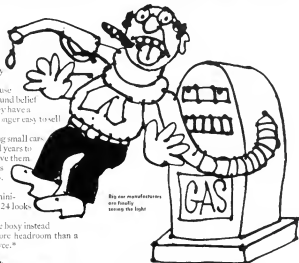
Use whatever topographical features exist naturally to create holes that never become dull or stale no matter how many times you play them.

I prefer strategic over penal design, strategic design being design that rewards the golfer in proportion to the difficulty of the shot he chooses to play, penal design being design that severely punishes the golfer for any wayward shot.

Utilize land, rock, woodland, water, rough and sand as hazards in a varied and balanced way throughout 18 holes—no excesses.

I dislike "blind" shots but cannot always avoid them because of land limitations.

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## Jack's Course

Balance the distribution of hazards around greens to provide a proportionate, though perhaps different, penalty for missing the green front, back or either side; and always allow the average golfer a "way out" if he plays a good recovery shot.

Avoid excesses such as tight driving zones on every hole, a succession of ultra-narrow approaches, 18 superslick roller-coaster greens, the stringing together of exceptionally tough holes without letup, water hazards on every hole, etc.

Build par-3s that can be reached with iron clubs and that run in different directions. My ideal combination of par-3s would call for one long-iron shot (two or three iron), two medium-iron shots (four, five or six) and one short-iron shot (seven, eight or nine), each running in a different direction.

Gently rolling land is best for golf.

Seek out bunker sand that will compact sufficiently to prevent buried lies, and strive for a consistency of sand texture throughout the course.

Route the two 9s in opposite directions, a critical factor in making every hole look and play differently.

Oblige the golfer to: a) think, and b) "work" the ball by changing directions of fairways in landing areas—in other words, avoid dead-straight holes whenever possible.

Incorporate one definite topographical feature per shot that both influences playing strategy and pleases the eye. If it causes the thoughtful golfer to correctly identify the ideal landing area, then it's perfect.

Vary the size, shape and contour of greens according to: a) the type of traffic they will have to bear (i.e., private, public, resort); and b) the character and difficulty of the shots that will precede putting.

Incorporate at least four distinct pin-placement areas per green that will subtly vary the character and difficulty of the hole. If the golfer can be forced to think, the hole will remain fresh and challenging no matter how many times he plays it.

I prefer permanent and consistent hazards (trees, sand, water) to rough, except for tournament play, when both are mandatory.

I like par-4s that are within the reach of most golfers if they hit two good shots.

I prefer par-5s that are never automatic two-shotters for the strong golfer,

yet offer the average player a chance of a birdie if he thinks and strokes well. I'm really describing par-4½ holes. The 13th at Augusta is probably the best example I know.

Open with a gentle hole, usually a medium-length par-4. I don't like to tackle tough par-3s or -5s until I'm fully warmed up.

Include some "sleeper" holes, the kind that do not immediately strike you as being outstanding but are all steel when you come to play them. The short par-3 7th at Pebble Beach, and the par-4 17th at Cypress Point (much overshadowed by the more spectacular 16th) are classic "sleepers."

Strive to vary the location and configuration of fairway bunkers depending on the use to which the course will be put, creating them sometimes purely for directional purposes, sometimes purely for strategic purposes and sometimes as a combination of both.

I dislike the trend of the 1950s-60s (now waning) toward huge, flat greens, especially when the architect then attempts to liven up these dreary turf nurseries with a standardized pattern of artificially contrived bunkers. Every green should be tailored to the hole and to its surrounding land in size, shape and contour. Every bunker should be tied to the flow of the green and its adjacent terrain.

Golf is more enjoyable, especially for the average player, when it is played primarily downhill rather than uphill, and with rather than against the flow of the terrain (but here again I frequently run up against Mother Nature).

Avoid routing opening holes and finishing holes so that sun becomes a problem at the beginning or end of the day.

Direct as many holes as possible so that under prevailing wind conditions the course plays at its easiest, and is at its toughest when the wind comes from unexpected quarters.

Make an effort to place practice areas where prevailing wind will blow from the right of and slightly against the golfer (this is often thwarted by the mandatory use of leftover land for the driving range).

I love all the elements of nature, especially trees, and have a desire to preserve rather than destroy, which increasingly causes me to make design compromises.

No course, however well designed,

*continued*

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## Jack's Course —continued

is fun to play if it is in poor condition, so efficient and economical maintenance is a primary design factor on every tee, fairway, green and hazard.

I have learned, as I have always suspected, that it is impossible to create a golf course on paper, however good one's aerial photos and topographical maps. After every hole is roughly shaped, the designer must see for himself how it actually plays, and then make whatever modifications may be necessary to bring out its full shotmaking values.

Beyond these specifics, there are three basic concepts that have influenced all my design efforts to date and that I am certain will continue to do so in the future.

The first is that golf is primarily a game of precision, not power. In the '50s and '60s we went through a phase in which anything measuring less than 7,000 yards was regarded as pitch and putt. It was born of the golf boom generally, the massive growth and exposure of the pro tour, the clamoring for attention of resort and real-estate marketers and the American love of sheer bigness. And it was wrong; the greatest courses remain those built in the '20s and '30s, most of which fall short of that 7,000-yard figure even at full stretch.

This trend is being reversed gradually, partly in response to the growing recognition by the average golfer that length in itself does not spell quality, let alone fun, partly as the result of leaping land and maintenance costs. I will do my best to accelerate this trend by demanding that a golfer play powerfully only as an occasional variation from playing accurately and with finesse.

So far I have not built a course that approaches 7,000 yards when furnished for members' play, and I do not intend to. Certainly it may be necessary, as at Muirfield, to provide a course that will be used for tournament golf, as Muirfield will, beginning in 1976. But this will be done, again as at Muirfield, by the use of special tees strictly reserved for major competition. On my courses, if the handicap golfer drives from where he is supposed to, he will be called upon to use his brains, his guile and his courage much more than his muscles.

My second basic concept involves the size of greens. The huge greens that characterize so many modern "champion-

—continued

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## Jack's Course continued

ship" courses are an inevitable outgrowth of the overall size of these layouts, in that the longer the approach shot you must hit, the bigger your target must be. I have also heard arguments that huge greens reduce maintenance costs and speed play. Both theories are debatable. My own feeling is that greens are by far the most expensive areas of a golf course to construct and to properly maintain.

As for speed of play, by far the slowest phase of golf is putting, as any public-course operator's bank balance reminds him daily, and as United States Golf Association analyses of championship play have conclusively proved. The longer the putt, the slower the putting process (compare the time a pro takes over 50- and five-foot putts). Thus the bigger the greens, the longer the putts and the slower the pace of play.

Those are two reasons why, in principle I prefer medium-to-small greens. If I needed another, beyond the esthetics of matching each green to the hole and to its surrounding terrain, it would be the fact that the larger the green, the fewer chips, pitches and sand shots the golfer is called upon to play. In other words, the bigger the green, the smaller the premium on finese shots.

My final and most important basic concept of good design is very simply stated. I believe that every hole should require the golfer to play one very good shot to make par and one great shot to make hardie. Therein lies the essence of great design, and the fundamental design challenge so far as I'm concerned. And it is this area, I believe, that the great designers of old Donald Ross, Alister Mackenzie, A. W. Tillinghast and others truly excelled. Given good land, it was comparatively easy for them because, lacking today's earthmoving equipment and drainage techniques, they had to become masters at spotting and maximizing every natural opportunity. When given poor land or a low budget, all their experience and guile still would be directed toward creating situations that would draw from the golfer at least one good or great shot per hole.

Sometimes this was impossible, but I have discovered in the work of these old masters an ingenuity and subtlety of approach to that basic problem that is a constant source of inspiration to me and a fine spur to self-improvement. **END**



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# INTO AN ARMADA OF MADNESS

The Coast Guard knows—if flinggoers do not—that 'The Boatniks' was far from fiction. Saving the foolish small-craft sports from becoming nautical suicides is a tedious, dangerous task

by **BIL GILBERT**



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL RINGO

Last year the United States Coast Guard answered 64,182 calls from folks who needed assistance on or near our coasts. If these calls had not been answered it is reckoned that 2,918 of the callers, along with \$267,984,000 worth of their property, would now lie in Davy Jones' locker. Considering everything, particularly that we live in the age of undeliverable mail, Russian-roulette distance dialing and unreserved reservations, that is what you call good old-fashioned public service.

A few of the Coast Guard cases were exotic, like helping narcs catch schooners with loads of tropical weed or shooting

away icebergs. But the vast majority were Mom and Pop calls; that is, cries for help from the 14-foot outboard that has run out of gas and is drifting toward Duakar or Darwin with Mom, Pop, Jimmy and Little Sue. The person the Coast Guard is forever extricating from difficulties trivial and terrible is your regular American lets-load-up-the-rig-and-hit-the-freeway boater.

The good works specialists who handle most of these calls are the Coasties, some 3,000 men working with 1,800 boats launched from 165 Search and Rescue stations scattered about the North American littoral. One such station is lo-

cated at Cape Disappointment, Wash. Cape D is regarded as the trickiest place off the U.S. coast to search for stray boats and is thus busier than most stations. Each year it ranks in the first four or five of the Guard's vital-statistics categories—lives saved and calls answered. (Last year the totals were 39 and 720 respectively.) On the theory that the mean is illuminated by the extreme, this station provides a fine example of the Coast Guard's performance.

Cape D is a 52-man operation huddled under ugly black cliffs on a spit of land at the confluence of the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean. The station is separated by a jetty from the great bar of the Columbia, a formidable natural wonder and hazard that consists of a two-mile-wide stretch of shoals, potholes, rocks, sunken logs and other debris. The Columbia rolls erratically through this mess, colliding there with the tides of the ocean, resulting in maelstroms, unpredictable eddies and riptides. Also, the weather runs to rain, fog and high winds, and winter seas of more than 40 feet are not uncommon.

In 1788 a British explorer, Captain John Mears, found himself caught in a Pacific storm and edged up to the mouth of the Columbia looking for shelter. After studying the great bar for a time Mears decided to take his chances with the ocean. However, observing the spit of rocks to the north of the bar he did take time to say, in effect, "Let's call that place Cape Disappointment."

Mears' decision to leave the cape behind was prudent. Since 1788 a lot of people have tried crossing the bar in good and bad weather and all too many of them have been killed. No official tally has been kept of the vessels, from transports to dinghies, that have sunk there, but the Cape D area has been called one of the graveyards of the Pacific and the worst water in North America.

Making use of the grim conditions, the Coast Guard runs its Motor Lifeboat School there during the winter months when the water and weather are at their worst. Aspiring coxswains are sent out in specially designed, self-righting 44-foot boats and the great seas toss them around as if they were 20-pound kayaks. The theory behind this training is that anyone who can keep his cool and chow—much less rescue anything—under these conditions is going to view all



continued



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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

#### MADNESS (continued)

other bodies of water as so many millponds.

Despite logic and the warnings of history, the mouth of the Columbia is one of the most popular small-boat playgrounds in the country. This is because the worst water in North America for boats is some of the best water for fish. It is particularly good for the big salmon that arrive in late summer and early fall by the school and by the ton; they are met in the river and adjacent sea by flotillas of frenzied fishermen.

The sports huch up their boats on Friday and drive all night toward the coast. They come from as far away as San Francisco and Vancouver, from the deserts of eastern Oregon and Washington, from the mines of Montana and the ranches of Wyoming and Colorado, from Boise, Butte, Beaverton and even Boulder. Heavy-eyed, many of them roll into Ilwaco, a fishing village two miles up the breakwater from Cape D.

Now, in normal, non-salmon, times Ilwaco is a community of 600 or so. On a salmon weekend it is a disorganized mob of six or seven thousand hell-bent on fish. There are lines in front of everything: all-night restaurants, bait shops, driftwood and curio stands, beer joints and the Dramamine counter at the drugstore. The longest and most tumultuous lines, already a couple of hours old at 4 a.m., are in front of the boat launches. The village reeks of exhaust fumes, diesel fuel, deep-fry grease, booze, popcorn, ripe bait, delunct salmon and even salt air. Horns are blowing, fenders crunching, cops whistling, children wailing, drunks hollering. There are fights under way between rival trader jockeys competing for exceedingly scarce parking and turnaround spaces. Pop is chewing out Jimmy. Mom is chewing out Pop. Little Sue is sick.

Toward daybreak all this madness is gradually sorted out, or at least transferred from the Ilwaco dock to the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean, as the fleet scuttles past the Cape D b bathhouse at the rate of about 10 craft a minute. Once out in the river the Ilwaco bunch is joined by the boys from Cannon, Hammond, Warrenton, Astoria and other upriver launches. By eight in the morning some 3,000 little boats are looking for salmon, wallowing about in each other's wakes and in the tides, chop and seas of the bar.

To cope with this marine melee, the

continued



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Cape D Coasties are deployed in semi-military fashion. One seaman is assigned to the launching area. He has a blackboard on which is chalked weather information and he is available for general questions and advice.

"No sir. 'Flood' is when it is coming in."  
 "Four-foot seas are not very big, but if you get five people in a 16-footer they might swamp you."  
 "No sir, I am not telling you you can't go out."

At the station three Coasties and an OD are manning the radio and telephones, which are going to stay busy throughout the weekend.

"I got a guy says he and his buddy have run out of gas and drifted up on the beach. They want somebody to tow them off and pull them to a gas pump."  
 "Is the boat in danger?"  
 "No sir. They say it is high and dry."  
 "Where's he calling from?"  
 "A pay phone. He walked down the beach."

"Tell him to keep walking till he finds a gas station. Keep them out of trouble for a couple of hours. They'll float off."  
 "Collision."  
 "Anybody hurt?"  
 "No. They're both back in Ilwaco. Just mud."  
 "Tell them to come by and get an accident report form."

Except for a cook, who keeps the coffee hot, the rest of the Cape D watch is on boat duty. Two 44-footers, each crewed by a coxswain, engineer and seaman, are on continual bar patrol. A 52-footer, another 44, two 40s and a 25 are ready to go, standing by at the Cape D boathouse for backup and relief duty. All will see action before the weekend is over, since the station will receive 43 calls and handle four dozen more incidents that cannot be dignified as formal calls.

A ponderous freighter comes across the bar heading upstream. A brash young Coast Guard coxswain lays on his power megaphone, trying to clear a path through the mass of little boats for the large vessel.

"All right, you turkeys, get moving. Get out of the way! You, little white boat. You think you can outrun that freighter-

*continued*

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**Result:** A sharper image from edge to edge.

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The new Carousel custom 840H shown is less than \$208.

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Prices are subject to change without notice.

**Kodak Carousel  
custom H  
projectors.**



### MADNESS *continued*

er. You can't. GET OUT OF THE WAY."

"It would seem that all by themselves they could figure out it's bad to get in the way of a freighter," muses Chief Bosun James J. Milne. "But a lot of them can't. The other day four men with six cases of beer sat right out here until a freighter was on top of them. They said they thought the freighter should get out of *there* way. When they found out that was wrong they had to jump. We picked them up, and their boat came up in the wake. All they lost was the beer."

A commercial fishing boat skipper dies of a heart attack. His only crewman is too inexperienced to bring the boat in, so the Guard puts a cox on board who pilots the vessel to a mooring.

A 16-footer with two fishermen aboard takes a five-foot sea over the stern and capsizes. The crew of one of the 40-footers retrieves everything but two 20-pound salmon.

"Not long ago down around Newport we had a day just like this, almost slack," says the chief. "The little boats were all over the place—10 miles out. Didn't have any idea where they were. Then a wind came up. We had 17 of them go over. It was like bobbing for apples at Halloween. I think only four people ended up drowning, but it was just dumb luck that there wasn't more."

A scruffy charter boat, call it the *Little Sue*, is wallowing, taking on water, and calls in that it is sinking. The six members of the charter party, two women and four men, are soggy and shivering, standing ankle-deep in dirty water. They are obviously still in shock, but relief, like sun through the fog, lights their faces as they watch a 44-footer come alongside. The charter captain is talking fast, perhaps out of nervousness, perhaps on the theory that a little conversation will keep people from asking for their 25 bucks back.

"We got her pumped out, Chief. We'll be O.K. Must have been a seal."

"We'll put a man on board with a pump and take your passengers, but you are going to the beach. You're done."

One of the men in the charter party is violently sick over the side of the 44. "Geez, I guess it's nerves," he gasps, gags and apologies. "You guys really looked good to us."

*continued*

# How Datsun won the EPA mileage tests. Again.

Results of the Environmental Protection Agency's annual gas mileage tests on '75 cars to be sold in the U.S. were released on Sept. 20. As you've probably heard, the Datsun B 210 topped the list with the highest mileage of all cars tested:

27 miles per gallon in town,  
39 on the open road.

When the B 210 was introduced in 1974, it got the EPA's highest rating in its weight class. It succeeded the Datsun 1200, which had the highest

mileage of cars in the 1973 EPA tests.

As proud as we are of Datsun's high mileage marks, fuel economy represents only part of our continuing commitment to engineering excellence. Our high mileage figures are not an engineering miracle, but rather the sum total of dozens of small technological improvements.

For example, on the new B 210 we slightly modified the transmission and differential gear ratios. We improved the exhaust heating jacket on the intake manifold to accommodate a

leaner carburetor setting. Plus a number of other modifications that by themselves, seem insignificant. We've made similar improvements throughout the entire Datsun line.

You don't have to wait until '75 for Datsun savings. Great gas mileage, low maintenance and high resale are built into all Datsuns. In addition, you get a long list of standard equipment included in the price. We've said it before, and we'll say it again: Datsun Saves.



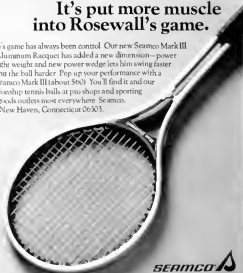
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## MADNESS —continued

"Where did you charter that tub from?"

"I forget the name of the place—it was a grocery store, up by Astoria."

The primary objective of the Coast Guard being simply to get distressed boats into a safe mooring on these occasions and let their owners worry about what to do next, the routine, hour-after-hour work of the Cape D crews is nothing much fancier than towing. In and out of Ilwaco they plow, the boats behind them overheated or out of gas, their batteries dead or fuel lines clogged, craft suffering from every known structural and mechanical malady.

The last tow of the day for Chief Bosun Milne involves a 40-foot charter boat that has broken down and sent a distress call. It turns out the skipper has miscalculated his position by about five miles, which is a lot of water. About an hour's worth of water, if you are searching it.

"You'd think a charter skipper would know a little better," observes the chief, when he finally comes upon the boat, which has drifted some 15 miles out to sea. "But not this one. We've towed him in three times already this season."

The two-hour trip home is unremarkable, except at the end when the chief must coast his tow not only through the eddies of the Columbia bar but also through the hordes of zigzagging boats charging hard back toward Ilwaco. Just inside the breakwater a small outboard takes a quick and surprising turn directly across the bow of the 44. There are three men in it. The apparent skipper wears a large white cowboy hat, and he waves cheerily to the chief.

Happily, chief bosuns are men of authority, dignity and belly, and they are also, in their element, unflappable. As if he had been expecting such a happening all along, the chief heels over the 44, pulls back on the throttle and by a margin of about six feet avoids making two tiny boats out of the small one. Then he permits himself one spit.

"Chief, would you say most of the trouble out here comes from plain stupidity?"


"I would not say that."

"What would you say?"

"I'd say that some of these people out here are unfamiliar with their equipment and the rules of the road, and don't know a—thing about the water."

END

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by HAROLD PETERSON

The Los Angeles Rams were playing the 49ers, and Quarterback **John Hall** attempted a sneak from the one-yard line. He was immediately engulfed and, so the story goes, 49er players began shouting at the officials to untangle the players heaped on the goal line. "Take it easy," the referee said. "It's not easy to find a Hall in a knelstack."

**Evel Knievel's** helicopter pilot is named **Watcha McCollum**.

**Gary Clevley**, centerfielder for the Reno Silver Sox of the California League, was given a watch for being the team's most popular player. The next night he was fined \$10 for being late to infield practice. No excuses.

During a recent tournament, **Jack Nicklaus** was approached by a boy asking for an autograph. Nicklaus signed, and the youngster asked for his address, too. "What do you need that for?" the golfer asked. "So I can write to you," the little chap said. As Nicklaus was obligingly putting down his address, the kid added: "You know, it's going to cost me 10¢ to write to you." "And it'll cost me the same to answer you," Jack noted. "Yeah," said the kid, "but you can write it off."

**Johnny Miller**, golf's leading money-winner, has taken up duck hunting. So far, Miller bags a lot more birds on the golf course than in the marshes. "The ducks have a heckuva chance," says Miller of his prowess in the blinds with a shooting iron. "It's more of a sport for them than it is for me."

Most awkward to explain casually on the Team Canada '74 outfit that played the Russians in Moscow last week has to be **Defensiveman Pat Price**. A junior player from western Canada who signed with the Vancouver

Blazers for a reported \$1 million, Price suffered a sprained ankle. He sprained it when he blish—fell off his platform shoes. "I'm not really used to them, and I tried to run in them," Price said. "I tipped over. Boy, was it ever embarrassing."

**Liza Minnelli** claims she has discovered recently that life need not consist entirely of acting. It can also include people and sports. "I had never wanted to get into the whole Hollywood social-life scene," she says. "I always assumed it was totally phones and bling-bling. Well, listen. When you play tennis with these people, or ski, or play backgammon, you're all concentrating on something outside yourselves and each other. Everybody's thinking about the game, nobody's thinking of status, and is your latest movie doing better than mine? Sports are a great way of finding out that there are really some swell people out here."

▲While Muhammad Ali and George Foreman work toward a big payday in jangly Zaire, another heavyweight, **Ken Norton**,

is hard at work in the jungles of Louisiana. Norton is playing the role of a strong-willed slave in a Dino De Laurentis film of the book *Mongols*. "Acting is tedious like boxing," Norton says, "only more so. The day never really ends. But it's more exciting in some ways, and the people are just fantastic." (They hardly ever hit you, for one thing.) Speaking of which, when asked the obligatory question about the outcome of the Khasava title fight, Norton said, "Ali's a fine man—but Foreman will win." Meanwhile, there was the stranger who walked up to Norton on the set and said, "That's a helluva pair of arms you've got. Ever swing a bat in organized ball?" Norton replied, "Nah, I'm just an actor."

Although John Newcombe has won over \$200,000 this year and a number of other tennis players have passed \$100,000, **Don Budge** reads the news without weeping. Thirty-six years ago, you may remember, Budge dominated tennis more thoroughly than any player does today. In 1938 he won the U.S., French, British and Australian

titles. When he turned pro he got a total of \$100,000, spread over three years. Yet he doesn't envy the present players. "I know how much income tax I paid for 1939?" Budge asks. "Exactly \$2,080. That was when a dollar was worth a dollar. Today it's worth 29¢. Steaks were \$2 then. We received a pro rate on hotels—five or six dollars a night. Gasoline was 12 or 13¢ a gallon. To have the purchasing power I had with my \$100,000, a player today would have to earn at least \$500,000."

Reserve Arkansas Quarterback **Mark Miller** started Razorback coaches in August by announcing that he would be the starting quarterback. A coach pointed out that Miller would have to beat out two more experienced players. "I know that," Miller said confidently, "but they're both getting married. I'll be the only one thinking about football all the time." Sure enough, bachelor Miller started Arkansas' opening game, in which the Razorbacks upset USC, and has been at the controls ever since.

The Kentucky Colonels' latest braintrust is an AMC Gremlin painted as a basketball shoe. **Ellie Brown**, the Colonels' chairman of the board, drives it around Louisville. She says people look at her like she's crazy.

**Dr. Billy Graham** has reported that he had made a decision to change his ways. The evangelist spoke of his conversion in Dallas. "I don't put crow-banded any more," he said. "Tom Wenskopf talked with me about my grip. He also told me I wasn't practicing the positive thinking I'd been preaching. I accepted his counsel on the grip, but I told him he had me mistaken for Norman Vincent Peale, about that positive thinking." Particularly on the golf course.



# Lose weight, play Auburn

**The Tigers could starve an opponent to death. Their sturdy defense has allowed only 10 points and has shut out Tennessee and Miami**

This was before the game, before the ritualistic shouts of "War Eagle!" boomed across the Orange Bowl, even before Auburn departed the Loveliet Village for a Friday night contest with the University of Miami. Shug Jordan, the Southern gentleman who has spent 40 of his 64 years on the Plains as a player and coach, sat in a golf cart, squinting across the practice field. The defense was over here, the offense over there, the field-goal kickers out yonder. And everywhere an assistant coach was barking orders.

"The players were embarrassed and ashamed of their efforts last year," Jordan was saying of Auburn's late-lamented 6-6 season. "It wasn't just that we lost, but it was the way we lost. This year there's a different attitude. I can see it. I'm real high on this team. I think some good things will come of it. I didn't realize this until we beat Tennessee last Saturday, but that one gave me a big lift. This team has possibilities that intrigue me."

There is a newness to the Tigers, not unlike the gloss on the 1972 team that unexpectedly finished 10-1 despite the absence of '71 stars Pat Sullivan and Terry Beasley. There are three new assistant coaches and four others with new assignments. The Veer offense is new, too. But the defense is as familiar as Shug himself. "Our defense is fine," Jordan said, "but that's sorta normal." The broom that swept the dusty corners of Auburn's program last spring left the defense undisturbed. Oh, there was some experimenting with a 5-2 alignment, but it was quickly decided that the old 4-4 refrain would be good enough.

Good enough entering the Miami game, it turned out, to rank first nationally overall, second against the rush, third against scoring and seventh against the pass. The 10 points collected by Louisville (16-3), Chattanooga (52-7) and Tennessee (21-0) came on a field goal and a kickoff return.

Impressive, yes, but not enough to intimidate the man who had quarterbacked

Miami to victories over Houston (20-3) and Tampa (28-26). "Their defense is supposed to be the greatest thing that ever happened to them," Miami's Kary Baker said before the game. "Well, I'm sure we're going to score. We can run and pass on them, both. We sure aren't going to win 0-0."

As Baker and 33,490 spectators soon found out, the Hurricanes would not win 0-0—or win at all. They lost, 3-0. The Tiger defense allowed only 166 yards of total offense, intercepted three passes, recovered a fumble to set up the field goal and permitted passage beyond midfield only three times. Here is the extent of the damage the Hurricanes were able to inflict on Auburn:

In the second quarter Miami reached first and 10 at the Tiger 20 on a 60-yard drive. Five plays later, following a penalty, two incomplete passes, a sack by the quarterback and a bobbled snap by the punter, Auburn took over at the Hurricanes' 41. Push 'em back, push 'em back, w-a-a-y back.

Later that same period Miami had a second and one at the Auburn 36. Reserve Linebacker Carl Hubbard dropped a runner for an eight-yard loss, Baker threw an incomplete pass and, on fourth down, Cornerback Jim McKinney pulled in an interception.

The third Miami opportunity unraveled late in the game. By this time, Auburn's ground-bound ball-control offense had produced a 24-yard field goal by Greg Gillis. McKinney's fumble recovery after a tackle by Linebacker Bobby Davis made it possible. But now, Baker's sharp passes moved Miami from the 23 to a first down at the Auburn 36 with slightly more than a minute to play. In quick succession, Tackle Gaines Lannier knocked down a pass at the line of scrimmage, End Liston Eddins harassed Baker into an incompletion and Linebacker Johnny Sumner dropped back into the curl area to intercept a pass, taking it smack in his shoulder pads.

"If they had scored," an Auburn offensive assistant said afterwards, "we'd

have had to score again. Well," and he paused for a moment, "I'm just glad they didn't." Jordan, meanwhile, was waving a sheet of paper in the air and rejoicing. "These final statistics are amazing."

Even Baker was properly respectful. "Their defense didn't make a mistake," he said. "They don't give you anything. What you get, you earn."

This may be the best defense seen around Auburn since the 1957 unit aided another inconsistent offense by allowing just four touchdowns in an unbeaten, national-championship season. Shut-out victories by seven points or less occurred four times that year.

The principal characters in this year's swarming, stingy bunch make for an oddly assorted family. Though nine are seniors, only three of them were regular starters last season. Two, End Rusty Deen and Safety Mike Fuller, came to Auburn to play offense. Sumner was a walk-on, joining the team as a 160-pound freshman. Now he is a 204-pound senior.

Probably the most outstanding is Linebacker Ken Bernich, who led the Tigers against Miami with seven tackles. Bernich does not like it when someone mentions his resemblance to that TV cartoon character, Dudley Do-Right. "Dudley's a good guy," he huffed, "and I play defense." Bernich remembers spending "some pretty dismal afternoons last year. We hit the bottom of the barrel and it hurt, physically and mentally. The only good thing about last year is the chance we have to redeem ourselves this year. Over the summer I had a lot of sleepless nights thinking about that."

The usual theories were summoned up to account for Auburn's troubles in 1973. Injuries, inexperience, lack of depth. And, in fact, Friday's game was the first since mid-1972 for which Auburn could field the same starting lineup for the second week in a row. But the players believe there was something more decisive. "Last year," says sophomore Quarterback Phil Gargis, "everybody had their own little game to play. We weren't thinking as a team." Fullback Sedrick McIntyre, another sophomore, says, "People were looking down on each other. There was even fussing in the huddle."

So far in '74, it has been one big happy family, with player-only team meetings and Bible classes. It rangles no one that the defense is carrying an unequal share of the load. "That's all right," says

*continued*



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Fuller. "The offense has made a lot of progress and we understand they just haven't made it all the way. We have so much confidence in ourselves on defense, we feel we can get by with whatever they put on the board."

Miami has better balance than Auburn, and against a lesser defense it almost certainly would have won. The Hurricanes should finish with their first winning season since 1967, despite a pattern remarkably similar to last year's. First there was a dramatic upset triumph. Then a closer-than-expected victory. Next, a narrow loss to a highly considered opponent.

"Last year we went downhill fast," says Offensive Guard Joe Wysock. "We have to prove to ourselves we can be consistent for an entire season."

Friday night against Auburn, or, more precisely, against Auburn's defense, was a tough time to begin trying.

## THE WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

**SOUTH** Florida State pulled out all the stops in trying to halt its 15-game losing streak. The Seminoles brought in alumnae Bert Reynolds, who announced he was donating \$50,000 to his alma mater's football program, and Reynolds had Lee Majors, star of TV's *Six Million Dollar Man*, and Miami Dolphin Fullback Larry Csonka as tow. With such support Florida State surged to a 17-0 halftime lead over Baylor.

Alas, in the second half the Seminoles reversed to form, and Baylor got rolling with some wingback reverses by Phillip Kent. The first two times Kent ran the play in the third period he gained 21 and 42 yards, each carry keying a touchdown drive. Steve Beard, who gained 107 yards for the day, scored three times from inside the two and Baylor won 21-17. As one sign on the sidelines said, GRIN AND BARE IT, BURL.

"We looked at their films and at who they'd played and we came here with a light regard for them," said Pittsburgh Middle Guard Gary Burley of the Panthers' opponent last week, North Carolina. "When we saw how tough they were, it was too late to recover." The Tar Heels rushed for 328 yards, passed for 224 more and generally kicked Pittsburgh around the field while winning 45-29. Although Carolina used no special defenses, it held Tony Dorsett to just 61 yards in 19 carries.

Houston's Veeer offense, surprisingly dormant all season, sprang to life in the fourth

quarter as the Cougars came from behind to beat South Carolina 24-14. The catalyst proved to be a sophomore quarterback, Bobby McGallion, who had not been in for a single play all season and was scheduled to be redshirted for the year. Coach Bill Yeoman inserted him with Houston trailing 14-7, and two four-play drives later the Cougars led 21-14.

With their fans chanting "We're No. 1," unbeaten Florida made LSU its fourth straight victim, 24-14. The Gators coasted to a 17-0 lead with the help of what Coach Doug Dickey termed, "The best defensive play I've ever seen." Florida is in excellent shape in the SEC since it does not have to play Alabama. The Crimson Tide needed to rally to beat Mississippi 35-21. Down 21-14 in the third quarter, Willie Shelby, a 172-pound junior, ran 58 yards for his second touchdown of the day and, minutes later Rick Watson crashed in from the eight-yard line to put the Tide ahead to stay. Mississippi State, boosted by Richard Blackmore's 77-yard punt return and a 63-yard scoring pass from Rocky Felker to Stan Black, held off Kansas State 21-16. Tennessee needed Stanley Morgan's 48-yard punt return for a touchdown in the final 48 seconds to earn a 17-10 win over Tulsa.

Duke beat Purdue 16-14 to bring the Boilermakers back to earth after their upset of Notre Dame. Clemson came from behind three times to beat Georgia 28-24, and Georgia Tech did precisely the same thing to Virginia. The Yellow Jackets won when Jimmy Robinson made a leaping catch of a Rudy Allen pass in the end zone with only 37 seconds remaining. Miami of Ohio slipped by Kentucky 14-10 and North Carolina State had a surprisingly rough time beating East Carolina 24-20.

### 1. Alabama (4-0)

2. Auburn (4-0) 3. Florida (4-0)

**EAST** Army had hopes of duplicating Navy's upset of Penn State but only succeeded in copying itself, blowing a 14-0 lead for the second week in a row. The Nittany Lions fumbled twice in their first five plays from scrimmage and Army capitalized by marching 21 and 38 yards for touchdowns. But after the opening eight minutes and 21 seconds the day belonged to Penn State, which went on to win 21-14. Army never again crossed midfield.

For the day Penn State pounded out 247 yards on the ground. It took the lead 15-14 late in the first half after scoring drives of 75 and 63 yards. Coach Joe Paterno ordered a two-point conversion after the first touchdown and got it on a run by Jimmy Cefalo. Penn State's final score of the day came in the fourth quarter on a carry of 19 yards by Duane Taylor, the longest run from scrimmage by a Nittany Lion this year.

In Annapolis, Navy was also copying its form of last week—by getting shut out. Boston College, which had been beaten badly by Texas and Temple, whitewashed the Mid-dies 37-0, making Navy's aggregate score for the last two weeks 0-89. The Mid-dies, kept on their heels by the kicks of Fred Steinfert, all six of which went into or through the end zone and could not be run back, never got past midfield until the final period. Steinfert also set a Navy-Marine Memorial Stadium record with a 50-yard field goal.

Temple looked like a possible upset victim for the first 29 minutes of its game against Marshall but finally got moving for a 31-10 win. "They outcoached us and out-played us," said Temple Coach Wayne Hardin, "but we just outperformed them. It's one of those games I'm very happy to get out of our system." Quarterback Steve Joachim, the nation's total offense leader going into the game, got his bell rung scoring his team's first touchdown and had to turn play-calling responsibilities over to his coach. "I can execute, but I can't remember them," he told Hardin. He executed a 31-yard scoring pass to Flanker Dave Roder at the end of the half for a 14-7 lead and kept right on rolling in the second half. For the day he gained 245 yards, 20 below his pregame average.

Brown's soccer-style kicker, Jose Violante, connected from 37, 47 and 49 yards, the last a school record, to give the Bruins a 9-7 lead over Pennsylvania. But then, with just 2:42 to play, the Quakers' Adolph (Beep Beep) Belluzare, who had been held to just 45 yards in 14 carries, returned a punt 61 yards for a touchdown and a 14-9 victory. Harvard's superb end, Pat McNally, caught three touchdowns passes from Quarterback Mike Hoh, each giving the Crimson the lead, but Rutgers came back each time and finally won 24-21. The winning score, a one-yard lunge by Quarterback Bert Kosup, capped an 80-yard, 11-play drive. Princeton won its first Ivy League contest in two seasons by blasting incept Columbia 40-13; Dartmouth lost its second in a row, 14-3 to Holy Cross; and Cornell scored its first shutout in six years by taking Bucknell 24-0. Maryland beat Syracuse 31-0 after leading only 7-0 at halftime.

### 1. Penn State (2-5)

2. Temple (3-0) 3. Delaware (4-0)

**MIDWEST** Surprising Wisconsin was nearly perfect as a 59-20 massacre of Missouri. The score could have been worse. It was 59-7 at the end of three quarters and Coach John Jardine put in everyone but the dean of women in the final period. The Badgers scored nine of the first 10 times they had the ball, beginning with an 81-yard run by Billy Marek on the first play from scrim-

*continued*



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mage Quarterback Gregg Bohig completed all eight of his passes for 131 yards and directed an offense that piled up 485 yards overall. Now the Bulldogs are stalking bigger game. As Jardine pointed out, "Getting ahead that much meant that we can go into next week's game against Ohio State not all battered and bruised."

Kansas shocked Texas A&M with three second-half touchdowns and recorded a 28-10 upset. The Jayhawks trailed 10-7 at half but took the lead when Quarterback Scott McMichael connected with Flanker Emmett Edwards, an heirloom on Kansas' 1974 NCAA 440-yard-relay champions, for a 61-yard third-quarter score. Running Backs Robert Miller and Laverne Smith, ranked 10th and 11th nationally in rushing before the game, picked up 142 and 135 yards respectively while A&M's Bubba Bean, ranked seventh, was held to 48.

Michigan State scored Notre Dame. The Spartans spotted the Irish a 16-0 halftime lead, courtesy of two fumbles and a 14-yard punt, but the second half was a different story. First, Quarterback Charlie Baggett took Michigan State 99 yards to make it 16-7. Baggett passed to End Mike Jones for the last 26 yards. After a Notre Dame field goal, its only score resulting from a legitimate drive, Baggett marched the Spartans 76 yards to close the gap to 19-14. Too little, too late. Less than four minutes remained and the Irish ate up all but 12 seconds of that by staying on the ground, content to give the ball to Fullback Wayne Bullock, who scored both Notre Dame touchdowns and gained 126 yards with a school-record 36 carries. Baggett's desperation bomb at the end was intercepted by Randy Payne.

With the wind at his back, California Quarterback Steve Bartkowski completed 14 of 19 passes for 244 yards in the second and third quarters to lead the Golden Bears over previously undefeated Illinois 31-14. West Virginia handed Indiana its 11th loss in a row, 26-0. Northwestern, on the other hand, managed to win its first game of the season, beating Oregon 14-10 despite a brilliant 166-yard rushing performance by the Ducks' Don Reynolds. Nebraska and Oklahoma won with ease, the Cornhuskers 54-0 over Minnesota and the Sooners 63-0 over Wake Forest.

1. Ohio State (4-0)

2. Oklahoma (2-0) 3. Michigan (2-0)

## WEST

Who won this game? Iowa equaled USC's passing yardage of 114, made 21 first downs to the Trojans' 15 and out-rushed USC 284 yards to 142. Iowa ran 91 offensive plays to USC's 44. And what about the score? The Trojans won 41-3, that's what.

USC did not march for its scores, it exploded. Anthony Davis got the first touch-

down with an 80-yard return of a kickoff. Rover Back Charlie Phillips got two others by grabbing fumbles in midair and racing 83 and 98 yards with them.

Fumble—six of them—also played a big role in Wyoming's 16-10 loss to Arizona State. "Six fumbles, well it just makes you sick," said Coach Fritz Shumur. "If it was only one guy fumbling, we could correct it much easier. But we had several who just left the ball on the ground."

Michigan had not yielded a point in the first quarter over the last two seasons and the Wolverines did not figure to have much trouble with Stanford, but at the end of the first period the Cardinals led 6-0, courtesy of 52- and 42-yard field goals by Mike Langford. At the half Stanford still led, 9-6. "We played terrible in the first half," said Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler. "We played our best football of the season in the first half," countered Stanford Coach Jack Christensen. Michigan proved too strong thereafter, although Cardinal Quarterback Jerry Waldvogel, who completed 21 of 40 passes for 229 yards, mounted a 75-yard fourth-quarter scoring drive that narrowed the margin to 20-16. Michigan ground out its own 75-yard drive at the end of the to win 27-16.

Washington State borrowed the University of Washington's Husky Stadium for its game with Ohio State and got shellacked 42-7. Archie Griffin scored on a 75-yard run and gained 196 yards overall for the Buckeyes. Washington Coach Jim Owens denounced WSU's use of his team's field, presumably on the ground that it would help State's recruiting program at Washington's expense. WSU Coach Jim Sweeney disagreed. "Nothing we did here today should hurt Washington's recruiting," he said.

Billy Waddy rushed for 171 yards, scoring on runs of 67 and 11 yards, to lead Colorado over Air Force 28-27. UCLA had to struggle to get by winless Utah 27-14 but undefeated Arizona breezed by UTEP, 42-13.

1. Arizona (4-0)

2. USC (2-1) 3. Arizona State (2-1)

## SOUTHWEST

TCU had lost 15 straight games to Arkansas but last week the Frogs' new coach, Jim Stoenfer, thought he had reason to be optimistic. "We're just an inch away from being a good football team," Stoenfer confided shortly before the opening kickoff with Arkansas. "Right now I think our defense can play with anybody." With anybody, maybe. With Arkansas, no. The Razorbacks jumped all over the Frogs 49-0, the largest margin in the teams' series. Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles used 12 runners in all and they responded with 377 yards rushing. The Razorbacks also threw the ball

They had gained just 19 yards passing in three previous games but covered 167 against TCU.

Texas still can't seem to get anywhere through the air although the Longhorns did manage to beat Washington 35-21. Darrell Royal alternated Quarterbacks Murty Akim and Mike Presley with each series and Akim reinforced his first-team status by engineering four of the five Texas touchdown drives. But there was nothing reassuring about the Longhorns' passing attack. Akim completed one of five passes for 10 yards and Presley two of five for 26.

The running game was a different mat-

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Kansas Quarterback Scott McMichael, a sophomore, completed 12 of 14 passes for 178 yards and two second-half touchdowns as the Jayhawks rallied from a 10-7 deficit at intermission and upset Texas A&M 28-10.

**DEFENSE:** USC Rover Back Charlie Phillips, a 6'3" senior, set an NCAA single-game record for return yardage with fumbles when he covered 181 yards on touchdown runs of 83 and 98 as the Trojans overhelmed Iowa 41-3.

ner Roosevelt Luaks, back at fullback after a trial run at halfback, could gain only 34 yards on 12 carries but freshman Earl Campbell picked up the slack with 125 on 16 attempts. Still, Texas had to struggle. Its pass defense seemed worse than its passing attack. Washington Quarterback Chris Rowland, a 38' passer prior to this game, hit on 24 of 37 for 328 yards and two touchdowns. Rowland threatened an upset through most of the fourth quarter but Texas was able to stop a 76-yard drive on downs at the four-yard line and later clinched the game when Sammie Mason intercepted a Rowland pass in the end zone.

Texas Tech squeaked by Oklahoma State 14-13. Tech led 14-7 at the half on the strength of a 16-yard pass from Tommy Duraven to Lawrence Williams. State scored the only touchdown of the second half after a five-play, 84-yard drive highlighted by Fullback George Palmer's 89-yard dash, but then decided not to gamble and failed to get the single point when there was a bad snap from center. Sam Eise picked up the ball and almost made it into the end zone but Tech's Randy Olson and Curtis Jordan stopped him.

SMU, with more than 400 yards of rushing, handed Oregon State its fourth loss of the season, 37-30.

1. Texas Tech (2-0-1)

2. Texas (3-0) 3. Arkansas (2-1)

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## Bigger isn't always better

The heavies are fine, but there is more action one division down

While the attention of most boxing fans is focused on the vicissitudes of George Foreman and the antics of Muhammad Ali in Zaire, the liveliest division of the sweet science is surely one notch down, where the light heavyweights live. Once the Ali-Foreman confrontation is over, little will be left among the heavies but some reruns—Ali-Frazier, Frazier-Foreman. By contrast, there are a number of attractive matchups

among four or five well-qualified light heavies, headed at the moment by a young Englishman named John Conteh.

Last week Conteh captured the WBC version of the light heavyweight championship by winning a clear decision over New York-based Argentinian Jorge Ahumada in London. A few days later in Buenos Aires, another Argentinian, Carlos Monzon, successfully defended his middleweight championship by knocking out Australian Tony Mundine in the seventh round. Monzon, having run out of rewarding middleweight opponents some time ago, has been eyeing the more lucrative light heavyweight division, and the difficulty he experienced in making the 160-pound limit for this fight might impel him to move up.

The day before the fight Monzon took a long workout in sweat clothes to melt off as much weight as he could. At the weigh-in he took off a heavy identification bracelet, a gold necklace and, as a last resort, spit out his chewing gum in order to squeak by just under the middleweight limit.

The sudden flurry of aspirants for the light heavyweight championship was stirred up by the recent retirement of Bob

Foster, who dominated the division for six years. Foster, as tall, thin and deadly as a praying mantis, won 51 of 58 fights and all his losses were to heavyweights. He defended his title 14 times and knocked out 11 contenders. In his most recent fight, against Ahumada, he got a draw, but he says he was not in shape.

After Conteh's victory over Ahumada, Foster, now at least 32 years old and a sergeant in the Bernalillo County sheriff's department in Albuquerque, indicated he could be lured out of retirement. "I like the way I'm living now," he said. "I can go out and have a few drinks with the boys a couple of nights a week. But if the English promoters would come up with an offer of \$250,000 tax free, I could change my mind."

Foster does not consider Conteh much of a fighter. "I like him," he said. "He's a nice kid. I used to talk to him a lot in London when I was over there for a fight in 1972. But he couldn't beat me if I was 50 years old. I showed him how to throw a left hook. If somebody comes up with that \$250,000, I'll go over there and beat him. An English fighter or a foreign fighter will never be as good as an American fighter. They just don't have good trainers over there."

Foster may have an argument with his manager Lou Viscusi if he decides to fight Conteh. "I don't bring people out of retirement," Viscusi said from his home in Tampa. "Once I retire 'em, they stay retired. I retired Bobby so he could take it easy. I don't want him jumping up for everyone who makes him an offer. Anyway, Conteh and his manager got to be kidding. They don't want to see Conteh flattened. There is no doubt in my mind Bobby would knock out anybody right now. The guy those people are going to have to look out for is Lonnie Bennett. Conteh will have a lot of confidence after beating Ahumada, but Bennett will knock him out."

Bennett is a young Los Angeles fighter with 19 KOs in 23 bouts, but knocking Conteh out may not be as easy as Viscusi thinks. Ahumada is a brawling, tough fighter with a strong, solid left hook, but he never had Conteh in any difficulty.

It was the hardest of Conteh's 26 fights as a pro, but it also was the 23-year-old Liverpoolian's biggest payday. He and Ahumada shared \$192,000. With the wealth of contenders waiting in the wings



HAMMERING AT AHUMADA, CONTEH WON HIS HARDEST FIGHT, HIS BIGGEST CHECK





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#### BOXING continued

for a shot at Conteh, it should be only the first of quite a few good purses to come. "No more chip butties for me," he said after the fight. He was drinking champagne at the time. He explained that chip butties are potato sandwiches—whatever those are.

Conteh's rise has been sudden. He was born in a run-down industrial area of Liverpool, one of a family of eight boys and two girls. His father came from Sierra Leone and married a girl from Bottle, a shabby suburb of Liverpool. Conteh turned professional only three years ago, in his 27 fights since then he has won 26, all but six by knockouts. Last year he won the British, Commonwealth and European titles, on his way to the world championship.

Like most European boxers, he fights from a classic, stand-up stance, using a bristling left jab to hold off an opponent and a clubbing right cross for the heavy work. After his sessions with Foster in 1972, Conteh developed a good left hook, which he used several times against Ahumada. He took severe punishment from the Argentinian, several times being tagged with Ahumada's best punch, a hard, long left hook to the head, but he proved he can take a good shot, a *sure* *own* now for any fighter who would want to get in the ring with Foster.

"I thought it was gonna be like Foreman and Frazier," Conteh said after the fight. "I thought I was going to go out there and flatten him, but I couldn't. I hit him with some of my best shots—left hooks and right crosses, but he took them. He had come to stay the distance, and didn't I know it. He hurt me. By God, he hurt me. But when he did, I hurt him right back. I had to show him who was boss. He hit me with a left hook, so I hit him back with a left hook."

The fight marked Ahumada's first setback since he left Argentina to come to New York and train under Gil Clancy. Before the move he had lost twice to countryman Victor Galinder, who has since become a major factor in a division that seems loaded with Argentinians. Now 28, Ahumada is still learning his trade, and in a rematch with Conteh he might do better.

"We changed a few things about him," Clancy says. "He used to come in on a straight line and go back on a straight line. Now he moves around a little on the way back. He gave Foster a real fight in the draw in Albuquerque. After that

fight one of the newsmen wrote, 'If Bob Foster is the Sheriff of Albuquerque, he should have arrested the two officials who voted for him.'"

Before he fights Conteh again, though, it would seem likely that Ahumada must face Galinder one more time. Galinder is a big, strong light heavyweight who has won 11 in a row, all of them in South America. His two triumphs over Ahumada came in 1971, one by a knockout in six rounds, and he is now claimant to the WBA version of the light heavyweight title.

"I think I could knock Galinder out now," Ahumada said before he left New York to go to London. "I have learned much from Gil and from Emile Griffith, who works out in the same gym with me." However, Galinder is scheduled next to fight Len Hutchins of Detroit for the WBA championship. Hutchins' fistie style is best reflected in his nickname, "The Stinger."

As for Conteh, he insists he would prefer to fight Foster if he can be drawn out of retirement. And Foster, if he decides to remain idle, would like to see Hutchins fight Conteh. "I'd really like to see I win this thing," he says, "because he's a brother. Now I'm not prejudiced, but the reason the WBA and the WBC wanted me out is because I'm a brother. I don't think Len is rugged enough to beat Galinder because of the guy's size and strength. I was pulling for Conteh to beat what's his name, uh, Ahumada, but now Conteh thinks he's so smart. Well, I wasn't in absolute peak condition when I fought Ahumada in Albuquerque, and if I do get back in there and get in good shape, they all get better watch out."

Foster dismisses Monzon as a light heavyweight contender. "He should stay in the middleweight division," he says. "He's just not a light heavyweight. It's just like when I tried to fight heavyweights. Among today's heavies I'm the best, pound for pound, but I couldn't fight heavyweights. Anyway, Monzon didn't want to get in my division when I was champ."

Foster may be overestimating his ability a bit. At his best he was probably the hardest-hitting light heavyweight of all time. But if he comes back to fight Conteh, he will be going away nine years. And they may weigh heavier on him than all the pounds he gave to the heavyweights.

END

## This Championship Season

One of the high moments of tournament bridge occurs when precise defense is pitted against a declarer's exquisite play, as when the winners of the four big national team championships—the Vanderbilt, Spingold, Reisinger and Grand National—met in Washington, D.C. recently to decide which would represent North America in January at the world team matches in Bermuda.

The playoff itself went pretty much according to form. The Vanderbilt and Spingold champions, both dark-horse qualifiers, were unable to produce any more miracles and lost in the first round. The final came down to the Reisinger titleholders against the Californians who had won the Grand National (SI, July 29). The latter—Eddie Kantar, Bill Eisenberg, Paul Soloway and John Swanson, plus a new pair, Larry Mandel and Ira Cohen—were the victors.

Missing from this team were Larry Cohen and Dr. Richard Katz. They had played previously on the Reisinger winner with A. E. (Bud) Reinhold, Alan Sontag and Peter Weichsel and, obviously, they could not be on both teams in the playoffs. As it turned out, they backed the wrong horse, electing to stay with Reinhold, who added Ace Bobby Wolff as his partner and Aces founder Ira Corn as his nonplaying captain. The remaining Grand National team members selected Alfred Sheinwald as their nonplaying captain and Mandel and Ira Cohen, an up-and-coming but essentially untied pair of fellow Californians, as their third partnership.

Kantar, Eisenberg, Soloway and Swanson have all previously faced the team they are going to have to beat, the seemingly invincible Italian Blues. Swanson played in the 1971 world championship. Soloway topped the rankings of North American players in both 1968 and 1969, he also played in the 1972 World Team Olympiad as a member of the Aces and in the world championship for the Bermuda Bowl in 1973. Eisenberg has played in three world team championships, including the two won by the

Aces in 1970 and 1971. Kantar, the dean of the team at 42, about the age when a bridge expert reaches his peak, is a bridge teacher and writer and has had wide international tournament experience as a coach and player.

In this hand from the final Kantar demonstrated his skill: share his problem by covering the East-West cards, Weichsel and Sontag, who distinguished themselves in a losing cause, conducted a flawless attack against Kantar's contract of three no trump.

Kantar's difficulties began with the very first trick. In which hand should he win the opening heart lead? He was properly unwilling to take it with his king, the only sure entry to his hand, even though that would have allowed him to lead a spade for a finesse. (Had he won with the king, the defenders could have maneuvered to isolate the lead in dummy and eventually collect five tricks.) So the heart lead was taken by dummy's queen and a low spade was led to South's jack and West's queen.

West shifted to the 10 of diamonds and when dummy's 7 was played, East won with the king and returned the 2 of clubs. Kantar agonized over the problem you may now share. Wouldn't East have returned either a diamond or a heart if he

held the king of clubs? Or did East have the king and make the shift in hopes that West held the queen-10 or queen-jack? Is there a clue to the right play? Could West's "top of nothing" lead of the 10 of diamonds, indicating that he did not want a diamond returned, imply that he was prepared for a club shift?

Eventually Kantar played low and when West put in the 10 of clubs, he let West hold the trick. The defense was now helpless. West could not continue clubs without giving declarer two tricks in that suit, which, with three hearts, three diamonds and a spade, would come to nine tricks, while any other return would allow Kantar to establish the spade suit by surrendering a spade to East. In the end the defense could collect only two spades, one club and one diamond. Had Kantar put up the queen of clubs or won the first club lead with dummy's ace, the contract would have been defeated. And by making three no trump, he largely offset the result at the other table, where West had made the imaginative but highly unsuccessful lead of the king of clubs, after which South for the Reisinger team romped home with three no trump plus an overtrick.

During the first three-quarters of the match, Sheinwald kept his four Californians regulars in the lineup and they rewarded him by building up a 94-IMP lead over 96 boards. He then brought in Cohen and Mandel, reving Kantar and Eisenberg. Alas, the Reinhold team immediately began the kind of rally that is becoming its trademark, cutting the lead by 33 IMPs in the next 16 deals. It was generally agreed that little, if any, of this loss could be charged to Cohen and Mandel, but Sheinwald was taking no chances. He brought back Kantar and Eisenberg for the last 16 deals. Even that didn't stop Reinhold's team, which gained another 39 IMPs to narrow the final margin of victory to only 22.

Because Cohen and Mandel played less than three-eighths of the match, they did not automatically qualify for the North American team. In their place, Sheinwald has asked the American Contract Bridge League to appoint Wolff and Bob Hamman of the Aces, who probably rank as today's top U.S. pair. The board meets in November. Until then, the exact makeup of our team will not be known, but it is starting off with a strong nucleus.

END

East-West vulnerable  
South dealer

NORTH			
A 10 7 4 3			
A Q 3			
A 7			
A 8 7			
WEST			
Q 5 2			
J 5 4 2			
10 8 2			
K J 10			
SOUTH			
J 9			
K 9 7 6			
Q J 8 1			
Q 6 5			
SOUTH		NORTH	
(Reinhold)		(Eisenberg)	
PASS	PASS	1♠	PASS
1NT	PASS	3NT	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 2 of hearts



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## Easy rider rolls one in

**Playing it cool wins the Grand Prix title for Emerson Fittipaldi**

If one were to apply the most technical of measures, this was not a U.S. Grand Prix to remember. Certainly not, in the champagne country of upstate New York, a vintage year. But in terms of what motor racing is all about, there was nothing to match it.

All the elements were present at Watkins Glen. This was undoubtedly the most important U.S. Grand Prix in the 16 years that the event has taken place in this oldtime colony. For the first time in history the world championship of drivers was to be settled on U.S. soil. Moreover, real American cars piloted by real American drivers were finally fulfill-

ing the promise offered nearly a decade ago by pioneer Don Gurney and his Eagles, a promise that Americans could play the world's most demanding automotive game just as nicely as those effete European snobs.

As it all turned out, a tough-minded, dead-cool inhabitant of the Western Hemisphere, one Emerson Fittipaldi by name, won the championship, foiling the high hopes of the Italians and the British in the process. He did it by finishing fourth, a result that, in effect, summed up the year-in, year-out nature of the sport much more effectively than sheer excitement ever could.

This was a season remarkable mainly for its lack of definition. No single team seemed capable of securing a lock on victory. Through the nine months and 14 races on four continents that preceded the climactic weekend at the Glen, all of seven drivers representing five different marquees alternated at sloshing the champagne in victory lane. The lack of consistency perhaps could have been anticipated. Almost 12 months to the day of last Sunday's race, the Grand Prix community had witnessed the end of an era: call it the Stewart Era. Team Tyrrell, which had come as close as any outfit to dominating the sport for the five years previous, took a double knockout blow on that bleak 1973 weekend. François Cevert, the promising French protégé of three-time world champion Jackie Stewart, was killed in practice, and that tragedy confirmed Stewart's own decision to retire. Road racing, like nature, abhors a vacuum. The question was which team would rush in to fill the gap caused by Tyrrell's detachment.

In the confusion that followed, drivers began leaping about from team to team in a mad game of musical cars. Fittipaldi, the smooth Brazilian who had won the championship for Lotus in 1972, shifted his big coffee cup over to Team McLaren, filling a place at the table vacated by Peter Revson, who had sidestepped across to America's UOP Shadow Team Jackie Icks, the scar-crossed Belgian, left Ferrari at precisely the wrong time to replace Fittipaldi on Colin Chapman's Lotus crew. Into the Icks' gap came a slick young Austrian, Niki Lauda, who bids fair to become that nation's successor to the late Jochen Rindt.

Ken Tyrrell, the lanky lumberman who had guided Stewart's career so successfully, filled out his decimated team with two quick but raw rookies—South Africa's Jody Scheckter and France's Patrick Depailler. Everyone conceded Jody's enormous talent, but in the next breath muttered about whether his radical style would grant him survival through a full season of Formula 1 racing. At the start, nobody figured Scheckter would be in contention, much less alive, come the U.S. Grand Prix. But they reckoned without Tyrrell's exceptional gifts, both as a disciplinarian and as a road-racing schoolmaster.

The first half of the season shaped up as a duel between Fittipaldi and Ickx. Fittipaldi blew off everyone in hometown São Paulo for his second straight Brazilian Grand Prix victory, then did it again in Belgium. Ferrari's Lauda and his heavy-footed teammate, Clay Regazzoni of Switzerland, piled up points, Niki nicking them in Spain and on the dunes at Zandvoort, and Regazzoni finishing near the top in six of the first eight races.

The new Lotus 76 proved to be a dud, thus denying much in the way of success to Sweden's Ronnie Peterson, who is clearly the best of the post-Stewart breed. But Scheckter was maturing at an astonishing rate—third in Belgium, second at Monaco, home free for his first Grand Prix victory in Sweden. Suddenly the season was a race within races, marred only by the death of Peter Revson in practice in South Africa.

France, Britain, Germany, Austria, Italy, Canada—the second and toughest half of the season ground on like the trench warfare of World War I. Bad luck dogged the Italian front, with Lauda losing the Ferrari edge through a combination of bad judgment and worse luck. A subsiding tire, changed too late, cost him the British race, dirt thrown onto the track by another car precipitated a spin-out in Canada, where Lauda was leading handily, and shut him out of the points again. It took Regazzoni to make up for those incidents, with his victory at the Nurburgring and a continuing series of high finishes. By the time the circus reached Watkins Glen, Regazzoni and Fittipaldi were tied in the point standings with 52 apiece. Scheckter lay just within grasp of the championship, at 45 points. With scoring allotted on the

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## of joining the Marines.

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countdown of nine-six-four-three-two-one, Schecter could become the world's youngest driving champion at the age of 24, but only if Fittipaldi and Regazzoni finished sixth or worse.

Stewart, on hand as a television commentator, predicted that Schecter would win the race but not the title. "On form," Jackie said on the eve of the action, "Emerson has the experience, the cool to win it. After all, he has been champion. But my gut says that Regazzoni will prevail." Jackie should have bit his tongue. Or perhaps a piece of haggis.

The surprise of the qualifying session involved none of the above-mentioned drivers. The pole went to Argentina's Carlos Reutemann in a Brabham, at 122.83 mph, with James Hunt, the gold-docked chauffeur of Britain's Lord Alexander Hesketh (SI, May 13), a slight tick of the watch behind. Schecter sat in the third row just ahead of Fittipaldi, who sat just ahead of Regazzoni. Perfect. It looked like a whole of a drag race.

Frustrating as this situation must have been for the principals, it was heaven for the race crowd. Super weather—Indian summer skies, Bahamian breezes—brought in a whopping throng of 110,000. The Glen management provided all kinds of goodies, including a "Shadow showdown" between leading Can-Am drivers Jackie Oliver and George Follmer, with the latter romping off with the winner-take-all \$10,000 prize.

There also was a neat little carnival, replete with Ferris wheel, to keep the rowdies amused. It didn't quite work: the day before the race the Bog People, a muddy breed who occupy a slough at the Glen, demanded, captured and burned a chartered bus, thus topping their destruction last year of a nifty new Porsche. The Brazilians who were on the bus escaped unscathed, but their luggage was fried black.

An added fillip was the presence of two new American entries in the realm of Grand Prix racing. Roger Penske of Philadelphia and Detroit was on hand with the sleek new machine he plans to campaign full time next season. His trusty driver Mark Donohue came out of retirement to pilot it. "I'm out of shape," Donohue allowed after his seven-month layoff. "I can feel it in my arms and shoulders." He managed to qualify no better than the seventh row.

Much quicker was Mario Andretti in Parnelli Jones' new Formula 1 car. On the

first day of qualifying Mario was far and away the fastest, clicking off a 122.54-mph average and breaking the track record. But in the final session he lost his rear brakes and crashed into the fence. After minor repairs, Andretti came back out but the magic was gone. He could not catch Reutemann and Hunt and ended up third on the starting grid. Nor was that the end of Mario's malaise. When the green flag flapped to start the race, with half a dozen helicopters hovering overhead like so many giant dragonflies and the starter resplendent in a violet suit and smoldering cigar, Andretti could not get his motor turning. He went out on the second lap.

The great drag race proved to be something of a drag. Reutemann blew into a lead that he never relinquished, with Hunt snuggled close against his tail pipes. Lauda's Ferrari came blasting out of the fifth grid position to take a tight third, followed by Carlos Pace of Brazil in the second Brabham, and then by the new, mature Jody Schecter. Fittipaldi, who was probably more mature the day he was born, lay comfy-cozy in the sixth slot. Regazzoni unfortunately had feet of clay: he emerged through the first hard right-hander in ninth place.

Then came a stinging and disheartening tragedy of the sort that occasionally strikes these men and their fragile machines: on the 10th lap Helmut Koinigg, a 25-year-old Austrian, crashed into the so-called catch-fence. His car sliced under it and he died instantly, decapitated. Around the course, the other drivers drew upon their reservoirs of professionalism and carried on.

Ultimately, the beauty of the race was its demimonde, beginning to end, by three cars that were not a single sponsorship deal. The two Brabhams—tall, loud and white as the Australian surf—were unmarred by commercialism, no doubt to Jack Brabham's financial disgust, but nonetheless to his credit. Hunt-Hesketh wore only the red and blue stripes favored by his Lordship; the rest of the car except for an Alexander Teddy bear on the wing, was as clean and white as the good harem's conscience.

Early dropouts included Andretti, Ickx and Denny Hulme, who was driving his last race. Poignantly, Hulme broke down in the boonies and had to hike in to retirement. It was a sad end to a strong career. World champion in 1967 and twice Can-Am champion, Hulme

represented the tough underbelly of the world, Kawi fashion, better than any antipodean driver since Brabham.

Reutemann and Hunt, meanwhile, remained locked in a pristine pursuit race, with less than a second separating them during the first half. Hunt, who had done the same thing in last year's U.S. Grand Prix with Ronnie Peterson ahead of him, must have been suffering from *skjól* *vu*. Just as he had found himself incapable of passing the surly Swede, this time he held behind the Argentinian too late and too long. The pace proved too much, in more ways than one. After Reutemann had opened up a lead of more than nine seconds, Hunt's car began to flag and Carlos Pace whipped past him with only four laps to go for a Southern Hemisphere double.

Ah, but the wonder of it all was the performance of the old coffee head from São Paulo. Motor racing, in spite of events like Indianapolis, is not really a grandstand business. Calm hearts, cool nerves and clear heads prevail. Fittipaldi needed nothing more; the failure by Regazzoni and a clear view of Schecter's tail fin secured his second world championship. He drove no more than that, and no less.

Starting from the fourth row, Fittipaldi had moved to sixth place, right behind Schecter by the third lap, quick enough for openers. When Regazzoni's suspension problems became unbearable, and Lauda laudably dropped back to block for his teammate, the Schecter-Fittipaldi hookup moved up a notch. Fittipaldi kept the pressure on and by the halfway point in the race was laying fifth, a good enough spot from which to sneak in or strike fast. But it all became academic with less than 50 miles to go when a fuel pickup problem caused Schecter's car to overheat. He steamed to a halt just past the pits.

When a friend later told him that it had been a good racing season anyway, Schecter just shook his head. Maturely. And seriously. "No, it wasn't," he said. "I should have done better." Look out, tomorrow.

Perhaps this was not the Grand Prix that America had desired all these years. There was no drama of a higher order; only an ugly death and a championship decided by control. Yet those are the poles around which the sport revolves. In that sense, it was plenty good enough. **END**

It began with Henry Aaron and it ended with Henry Aaron—with No. 714 on his first swing of the season and No. 733 on his last—and between those historic hits there was a little bit of everything. Aaron made his own, uncharacteristic, strawberry statement by splattering a carton of the fruit in the face of Frank Hyland, an Atlanta sportswriter. "I kept having this insane thought about how excellent the strawberries tasted," Hyland said. And Aaron kept thinking how nice retirement would be. But now it seems he might well swing over for a DH tour in the other league where another DH, name of Frank Robinson, becomes baseball's first black manager.

Up north a ways, the Pirates, the people of the big bats, found a way to sew up their division without much using them. In their finale with the Cubs they parlayed two walks into runs that tied the score 4-4 in the ninth. One run came in on a ground out, the other after Bob Robertson had fanned for what should have been the game-ending out. But Catcher Steve Swisher revived memories of Mickey Owen by dropping the third strike and then compounded his misdeed when he tried to throw Robertson out at first base and hit him with the ball. In the 10th the Pirates finally scored a distinctly legitimate run: Al Oliver tripled and came home on a ground ball.

St. Louis finished 1½ games behind Pittsburgh despite the feet and feats of Lou Brock, who set an alltime record with 118 steals and batted .306.

"Yes, we can" was the rallying cry of the Phillies from the time Dave Cash began yelling it in spring training until a Philadelphia newspaper summed up the loss of a three-game series to the Pirates in September with a headline that read: NO, WE CAN'T. But Mike Schmidt could all year. Last season the big third baseman batted .196, had 52 RBIs and hit 18 homers; this year his average rose to .282, his RBIs to 116 and his home runs to a major-league-leading 36.

Don Sutton of the Dodgers was mystery man of the year. He put together a 6-2 record by May 14, then did not win for 10 weeks, after which he regained his touch and wound up 19-9. But there was no mystery as to which team had traded best—those same Dodgers. Former Astro Jimmy Wynn slugged 32 homers and drove in 108 runs for L.A. and former

## Where did all the homers go?

**Most conspicuously to Mr. Aaron,  
in a season rich in many ways**

Expo Mike Marshall set new standards for games pitched (106), games finished (83), innings pitched in relief (208½) and consecutive games (13) while accounting for 15 wins, 21 saves and a 2.42 ERA. On top of that, Andy Messersmith, obtained the season before from the Angels, became one of the rare pitchers to be a 20-game winner in both leagues. Phil Niekro was the only other National League pitcher to win 20 this season.

Fans expressed themselves as never before, streaking and occasionally causing near chaos, with ugly, debris-throwing behavior. Some players indulged in maneuvers that did not seem very big league, either. The San Francisco Giants proved all too often to be Lilliputian on defense. Like the day Catcher Dave Rader chased Pete Rose of the Reds between third and home. The odd thing about this was that Rose was heading for the plate while Rader frantically chugged behind him because no one was at home to take his throw. So Rose slid in head first and Rader futilely slid in head first right after him. And then there was the ground ball hit to Giant First Baseman Dave Kingman with two outs and a runner on third. Instead of fielding the ball and stepping on first for the final out, Kingman threw home. That was the last thing anticipated by Rader, who was on his way to the dug-out when the throw sailed right over home plate.

The best butchers of all, fittingly, were found in Chicago. Among the follies they perpetrated, the Cubs twice allowed the winning run to score all the way from second base on infield rollers because no-

body had the good sense to cover home.

As for the year's smartest managerial move, it was made by Whitey Lockman, who celebrated his 48th birthday by resigning as skipper of the Cubs. Another manager, Danny Ozark of the Phillies, uttered the remark with the best chance of going down in baseball lore. Asked how team morale was holding up during a losing streak, Ozark said, "Morality at this point isn't a factor."

Fortunately the National Leagues did not live by ineptness alone. Ralph ("I'm amazing") Garr of Atlanta led the league with a .353 batting average; Johnny Bench of Cincinnati led in RBIs with 129; and Lee William Ceper, rejected by the Mets, batted into Atlanta to take the ERA title with a 2.28.

Major league attendance fell by 81,000, with the largest dropoff in San Francisco, where crowds slumped more than 300,000 to \$19,991. Los Angeles, however, had the third highest attendance of all time, 2,632,474. Promotions helped lure fans. Montreal, for example, held a Tuque Day. A tuque is a woolen hat, something the Expos could have used to pull down over their ears during a slump that left them 16 games under .500 on Sept. 9. But from then on it was tuques off to the Expos, who won 18 of their last 23 to finish with their best percentage ever (.491).

Outstanding rookies were plentiful. Among the best in the National League were Bake McBride, a fine centerfielder and .309 hitter for St. Louis; Outfielder Greg Gross of Houston, who hit .314; and Bill Madlock of Chicago, a nifty third baseman who batted .313. In the American League there were Designated Hitter Mike Hargrove, who hit .323 for Texas, Shortstop Dave Chalk, .252 for California, Third Baseman George Brett of Kansas City, who lifted his average from .205 on June 2 to .282; and Robin Yount, a teen-age shortstop who hit .250 for Milwaukee.

It was the year of the cowhide ball, and could that have accounted for the decline in home runs? In all, there were 453 fewer than in 1973, the AL falling off 12% and the NL showing a startling drop of 17%. Chicago's Dick Allen won the AL home-run derby with 32 before quitting baseball in mid-September. Minnesota's Rod Carew batted .364, the highest average in the league since Ted Williams'

*continued*








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At a time when the cost of just about everything is up, Ford Motor Company is glad to be able to announce that for 1975, an important cost of maintaining our cars is going down—the cost of scheduled maintenance.

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		1972	1975
	Change oil filter	Every 6,000 miles	1st 5,000 miles then every 12,000 miles
	Replace PCV valve	Every 12,000 miles	30,000 miles
	Replace spark plugs	Every 12,000 miles	Every 35,000 miles
	Replace engine coolant	Every 24,000 miles	35,000 miles
	Replace distributor points and condenser	Every 12,000 miles	Not required
	Replace fuel filter	Every 12,000 miles	First 15,000 miles only
	Overall cost of recommended scheduled maintenance for first 30,000 miles	\$528	\$299

Composites based on vehicles equipped with a 251 CID V-8 engine or a 400 CID V-8. 1975 Ford Motor Company Service Labor Time Standards Manual, projected material savings. Ford and Lincoln Mercury dealer labor rates and dealer suggested retail parts prices.

that costs less. As the accompanying chart shows, "rotating" oil, reduced lubricant and oil changes, plus fewer required parts adjustments and repairs means, your savings over the first 50,000 miles can come to \$229.

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### BASEBALL (continued)

.388 in 1957. Carew also became the first to win three AL batting titles in a row since Ty Cobb (1917-19). Ranger Jeff Burroughs led in RBIs with 118, and the A's Jim Hunter had the best ERA, 2.49. And while Detroit on the whole was destitute of cheer, Al Kaline became the 12th player to get 3,000 hits.

Twenty-game winners abounded in the AL: Jim Kaat and Wilbur Wood of the White Sox, Luis Tiant of the Red Sox, Gaylord Perry of the Indians, Mike Cuellar of the Orioles, Nolan Ryan of the Angels, Steve Busby of the Royals and the majors' top winners with 25 victories each—Hunter and Ferguson Jenkins of the Rangers. Ryan pitched a no-hitter and struck out 367.

Some of the more sober second thoughts belonged to the Cincinnati Reds, who traded Ross Grimsley to Baltimore for Merv Rettenmund. Grimsley won 18 games and the Orioles the East. Could they have done it without him? Probably not. Rettenmund batted .216.

Perhaps the finest turnabout performance by a pitcher was that of the White Sox' Bart Johnson, who quit last spring rather than go to the minors. In May he relented and after being brought up in July was 10-4 and had a 2.74 ERA.

The Oakland A's continued to refine discontent into an art form but also awakened echoes of 1972, the year of hair: Gene Tenace and Sal Bando played under new rugs.

But far and away the hairiest play of the year occurred in a game between the Twins and White Sox. With two out, Dick Allen on second and Ken Henderson on first, Ray Corbin of the Twins had a 3-2 count on Ron Santo. Both runners broke with the pitch, on which the plate umpire delayed his call so he could check with the ump at first base to see if Santo had swung or not. Meanwhile, Twin Catcher Randy Hundley, thinking the count was 2-2, threw to third to get Allen. But the Twins' third baseman, who thought Santo had struck out, was trotting off the field and the ball sailed into left field. Allen scored and then the outfield relay nipped Henderson at the plate. Corbin arrived at home to protest the goings on, accidentally shoved Hundley and rendered him virtually useless for the rest of the season with a reconfigured knee. Then, and only then, did everyone learn it had been ruled that Santo had indeed struck out to end the inning. It was quite a year.

END

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new home in a strange city. Getting a businessman to his important appointment.

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**Delta is ready when you are.**

## Sporting life recaptured

The scene in Ontario was reminiscent of the way it used to be in Michigan, an enormous flow of wilderness, full of rivers, lakes, forests and fish

Among the strangest customs of fishermen in northern Michigan are frequent trips to Canada. I say strange because the fishing has been so good right here for the past few years, especially in Lake Michigan, which is only a mile or so from my farm. One cold evening in May, casting from shore, I caught an eight-pound brown trout and a 12-pound lake trout. I fished for a total of 20 minutes. Not that this happens every evening, but limits occur with regularity. And Lake Leelanau is only a mile in the other direction. It yields good catches of brown, rainbow and smallmouth bass. If you like to troll in the big lake, chinook and coho salmon are available in late summer, and fall brings some sturdy steelhead runs. I can also name three reasonably good brown-trout streams within an hour's drive.

So why go to Canada? It's not just to escape the Indiana farmers and arc welders from Detroit who clutter up northern Michigan to fish in the summer. Some of my friends even go to Canada in the dead of winter to ice-fish, if that can be imagined.

I think, rather, that in going to Canada you recapture a sense of what the sporting life was in northern Michigan (or Wisconsin, New York, Minnesota) from the late '40s to the mid-'50s: a sweet peacefulness with fairly abundant fish and game, threadbare cabins and kerosene lamps, war-surplus sleeping bags and musty tents. And even more pleasant, you bring back a time when woods, lakesides and riverbanks weren't littered with Day-Glo "No Trespassing" signs, when computers weren't on the verge of computerization, when the big tract owners and farmers didn't care if you pitched a tent, under the entirely reasonable assumption you wouldn't muck up the land.

So in Canada there is this sense of something we have largely lost. Like tourists in England, you are shocked by

the politeness and affability of the people. And in all the roadside stops that seem to accompany sporting trips, you don't feel that cold, ozone-tinted sense of violence so common now in American bars. This may sound like propaganda but it isn't. It's simply a reaction to a fine surprise.

Driving north in late May, as I did with three friends last spring, you see spring gradually disappear into the tentative beginnings of a few weeks past. The darker greens around your farm fade into paler greens until at the end of 400 miles you see only buds a few days old, and in the total landscape earth colors predominate. The last leg of the trip, from Thessalon, Ontario up toward Chapeau, is a sort of Appalachian feast, only without people—sheer rock faces, hills on the verge of becoming small mountains, fast-moving creeks—until you round another corner and see the great Mississauga River. Your trance is disturbed by the knowledge that the Mississauga is dammed at Aubrey Falls, which has diminished the fine fishing. But the Aukmading River just up the road isn't dammed and you mean to have a go at the large brook trout it's rumored to hold.

When we reach a sign announcing Alvin Armstrong's Mashagama Lodge, we learn that we have to walk the last two miles—the rough trail won't accommodate our low-slung car. A Jeep is sent to pick up our gear, and the four of us (four fatties) are a little embarrassed as Alvin stares at the vast load of food and drink we've brought along for our week's stay, including cases of wine and ale. Though we have assured each other that we will eat fish all of the time, we have brought along chickens, a whole filet, an eight-pound chuck for chili, postrami, lots of asparagus—just for starters. Too many of my camping trips have been marred by lack of protein, by fish that stay in the water unwilling to be eaten.

At first in the gathering dark Masha-

gama Lake looked small, but quick reference to a map showed that it is irregularly shaped, with only part of it visible from any single point. That first evening I was surprised to see a family of common loons swim by the dock less than a hundred feet out. Male, female and six little ones in gliding tow. I had not seen loons so close since my childhood. Later we heard their long tremulous wails far out in the lake, surely the strangest of all bird songs. I decided before sleep that if there was a bird living on the moon, that is the sound it would make.

The next morning we were all grumpy. We had announced to each other that we would begin fishing at dawn and we had barely finished breakfast by noon. No one had gotten up to stoke the fire and it had been cold.

But this was only an initial awkwardness, as was the slow fishing. It took two days to change our methods. For instance, there was no point in dry-fly fishing when there wasn't an active insect within a hundred miles because of the cold. The other three switched to trolling with light tackle using small Mepps spinners and a variety of spoons. I switched from my fancy dry-fly patterns to streamers but without much luck. The others caught enough lake trout between two and five pounds to keep us in wonderful breakfasts. Mashagama Lake trout were much better tasting than those we were accustomed to from Lake Michigan. They were fine-fleshed, virtually fatless, and their flavor resembled that of the Rocky Mountain cutthroat. Lake Michigan trout feed heavily on smelt and alewives, and though they're beginning to reach a large size they lack that pure trout flavor.

After a few days of concern bordering on depression I began to catch both lake and brook trout on a large Spodder Streamer. No matter how often one insists that fly-fishing is not properly a competitive sport it rankles to be outdone by spin fishermen. Despite the obvious grace of the sport, how can you proselytize for fly-fishing when you are a failure? Thus I was close to ecstasy when I went out alone and returned with a three-pound brook trout, flopped it on the table beneath cynical eyes and walked out the back door to get yet another ale from the cases we stored in the bubbling spring behind the cabin. My pleasure was lessened a bit when I found out the others had brought back half a dozen brook

continued



# How to get about 20 more drops out of Johnnie Walker Red.

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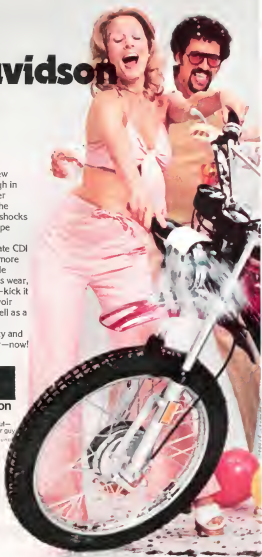
100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, 86.8 Proof, Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., New York, N.Y.

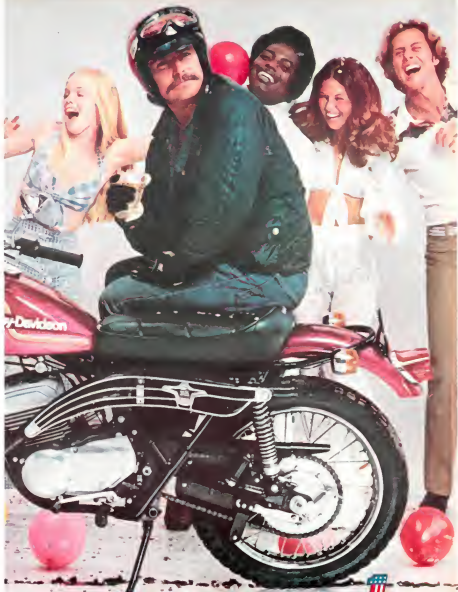
# NEW Harley-Davidson SX-250

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# Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

trout from their trolling expedition. I wanted to be critical of the Béarnaise sauce that accompanied the roasted fillet that evening but it was perfect. I sniffed the cork and was studious about the wine but that, too, was flawless. We were humble cabin dwellers in the vast north. Alvin had mentioned that he often heard the howling of wolves in the winter while tending his trap line.

Oddly enough I nearly lost the brook trout—out of general pessimism I had neglected to bring a landing net with me. But when my sloppy, diffident casting finally was rewarded, I tailed the fish after three successive lunges with my frantic hand. For some reason my luck changed after that afternoon, probably because the weather broke and spring finally arrived in the far north.

In addition to fishing, the area offered some fine walking terrain and a profigate amount of birdlife. We counted eight different types of warblers in a single afternoon and stalked a loon that slid from its nest like a plump feathered otter. The local grouse were evidently unused to people. I chased several in circles and was unable to get them to flush. They were the kind of grouse I prayed for in my youth when weeks would pass without a single flying bird in the bag.

Only one other of the lodge's 12 cabins was in use during the week we were there. It was occupied by some hunters from Colorado who had come all that way for the spring bear season. One day they struck a mildly discordant note by bringing in a bear that appeared definitely cubbish to me—it was not all that much larger than my Airedale. I'm no real enemy of mammal hunting, but the black bear, as opposed to the grizzly, has always appealed to me as a huge, reasonably docile form of my daughter's Teddy bear and not a fit thing to shoot at.

On our last evening, staring down at the bony remains of a fine trout dinner, we noisily agreed we would come again. Canada was a readymade time capsule into our sporting past: gentle, affable and not all that far away. No matter that we were tired and fly-bitten, our dinner linctured with the odor of kerosene and mosquito dope. I walked down to the dock and watched the northern lights, experiencing if only for a moment that great flow of wilderness, the peopleless territory ranging thousands of miles from the dock to the North Pole, full of rivers, forests and fish.

END



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# IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems.



Jann Knight, a teacher at Boyd Elementary, checks the progress of Jerinda Lewis.

## A typewriter is helping children learn new words

There's a muffled rush of typewriter keys. An attentive look on children's faces. They're learning words in a new way at Boyd Elementary School, a public school in Jackson, Mississippi.

First, pupils learn how to type. Then they learn words by hearing them over a headset and typing them out. Each child proceeds at his own pace, receiving lessons that have been pre-

taped by the teacher.

While typing is a course usually reserved for high school students, the results of employing it to teach much younger children have been most impressive. Children in this class, which is made up of fifth and sixth year pupils, have shown marked improvement in writing, spelling, reading and other subjects as well. Almost incidentally,

some fifth graders are typing 75 words a minute.

"This isn't an elementary typing course," says school principal Betty Hollingsworth. "It's a class in Language Arts. When a child can hear the sound through the earphones, when he can see it on the page, and then when he can touch and feel it with his hands, this breeds success..."

Test results have confirmed Mrs. Hollingsworth's statement. Spelling scores as measured by the California Achievement Tests show fifth grade Boyd School students making average gains of almost a year after just three months in the typing program.

But there are other important benefits that simply can't be measured by tests. The children's creative writing talents have been stimulated. Budding poets and short story writers have emerged and flourished with new, enlarged vocabularies and a new confidence in their ability to use words.

The children even publish a school newspaper, the "Boyd Bulletin," which they write and type up themselves. It serves as a showcase for a profusion of brightly original stories and essays and poems.

### Handwriting Improved

You might think that, as children relied more on the typewriter, their handwriting ability would decline. But that hasn't been the case at Boyd School. In fact, teachers have found the pupils' handwriting is improved after the typing course. "They get used to seeing the words appear neatly typed on the page," says principal Betty Hollingsworth, "and it makes them want to write better."

How the students themselves feel about the program was made pretty clear when it was announced that the typing room would be kept open after school hours for pupils who signed up for it. The line of children waiting to sign stretched so far down the hallway that teachers thought the school buses had stopped running.

## Lower computation costs aid dairymen

Many dairy herds in Pennsylvania are producing almost 25% more milk than the national average, thanks in part to an IBM computer at Penn State University. While the average cow delivers 10,125 pounds of milk a year, the cows in these herds are delivering 12,675 pounds. In consumer terms that represents about 5,000 additional 8-ounce glasses of milk per cow.

This remarkable yield is a result of selective breeding, based on computer-generated reports on milk production by each cow, and computer-calculated culling and feeding guides for some 235,000 cows.

Called the Dairy Herd Improvement testing program, the service is available to dairy farmers for an annual fee of \$9.50 per cow or less, depending on the plan selected.

Each month the dairymen enrolled in the program supply the university with exact figures on just how much feed each of their cows consumes, her milking record and a sample of her milk for butter fat analysis. At the university the data is processed against the stored records for the appropriate cow.

During the 15 years the program has been in effect, according to Larry Pruss of Penn State University's College of Agriculture, "... the cost of nearly everything in the program has gone up—with one exception. Our estimated cost of a computer calculation is now actually much less than it was 16 years ago. These reduced data processing costs have definitely helped keep this program practical for the farmer."



## Inventing floods to help control them

An IBM computer is assisting scientists to study the flooding of Italy's Arno River. It's showing them how the Arno would behave in flooding conditions that have not yet happened so that engineers can make plans to cope with them. The purpose of the project is to help prevent a repetition of the disaster which destroyed priceless art treasures in Florence in 1966.

## Dial-a-diagnosis

At any time of day or night heart patients in 23 Florida hospitals can now be linked telephonically to an IBM computer hundreds of miles away. After electrodes are connected from a sending unit to the patient, a special number is dialed. Within three to five minutes information leading to diagnosis will be returned directly to the attending physician. This permits hospitals to provide prompt professional treatment even when a cardiologist is not on the staff.

Located at the Shands Teaching Hospital at the University of Florida, this computer program is now in its fourth year. According to Dr. Lamar Crevasse, director of the project, the computer is capable of reading and analyzing electrocardiograms with a high degree of accuracy.



## Wanted criminals found after arrest

Wanted criminals are finding out that New Orleans is no place for them to be. When they're arrested in that city, police can tell, almost instantly, if they're wanted for another offense either in New Orleans or in another part of the country. As law breakers are booked, identifying information is entered on a computer keyboard. If they're being sought, that fact is flashed on a video screen. Apprehension of wanted criminals has increased significantly since the computer booking procedure was begun. And citizens in New Orleans, and elsewhere, can breathe a little easier.

**IBM**



Allen Bearick and his prize Holstein, Gladell Governess Bess, who recently produced a record of almost 17 tons of milk in one year.





# THE MEN AND THE MYTH

*For years bodybuilding has been the victim of calumny and sniggering rumor, an embarrassment to its practitioners and few devotees. But today's master builder, Arnold Schwarzenegger (left), is pumping up enthusiasm for his sport*

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON



CONTINUED

## THE MEN continued

About three blocks southwest of respectability in downtown Los Angeles a little bar called Lang's is lodged like a Formica pebble in one corner of the old Embassy Hotel. One evening last August some of its patrons were discussing the long line of people ranging up Grand Avenue from the entrance doors of the Embassy Auditorium. "What's going on out there?" the bartender asked a middle-aged woman whose angularity was emphasized by heavy horn-rimmed glasses. "I'll tell you what's going on out there," the woman replied. "It's those muscle men. You know, the men with the biggest muscles in the world. I wouldn't go to see them for nothing! Not for *nothing*!"

As Lawrence Welk beamed down from the bar TV, the woman's escort favored her with an appreciative smile. "I'd kinda like to see 'em," he said, in a voice inviting further denunciation. "Forget it, honey," the lady said, clutching an arm that emerged like a bent chopstick from her friend's sport shirt. "Oooh, are those guys going to hurt in 20 years. You just wait until they get old and their muscles get flabby. Oooh, are they going to ache all over!"

Lang's is a bar for regulars, for the disinherited—financially or physically. It is a comfortable Archie Bunker-type bar, where prejudices are welcome but not dissent. "Vunnerfull Vunnerfull!" a salmon-pink Lawrence Welk intoned.

Outside, in the deepening twilight, the crowd had begun to move into the auditorium, passing between posters proclaiming THE GREATEST MUSCLE SHOW EVER! Ranged below the red and black headline were silhouetted photos of six extravagantly distended figures—Arnold Schwarzenegger (five times Mr. Universe, four times Mr. Olympia), Franco



Columbu (Mr. Universe, Mr. World), Frank Zane (Mr. America, Mr. Universe), Lou Ferrigno (Mr. America, Mr. Universe), Serge Nubret (Europe's Greatest Bodybuilding Star) and Ken Waller (Mr. America, Mr. World). By the time The Greatest Muscle Show Ever began, there was no standing room left in the 2,100-seat auditorium. Two hundred people were turned away.

In most ways this was an unexceptionable crowd—courtroom and responsive, but also discriminating and critical. The racial mix was about what one would expect in a city as variegated as Los Angeles, and the income levels as expressed by dress seemed just as various. There were girls who obviously hoped to be mistaken for starlets, and men in well-tailored suits. There were lots of sports shirts (it was a sultry night) and hundreds of pants suits. There were a few apparent homosexuals and a scattering of female groupies. Almost without exception this was a crowd whose members knew how to look at what they were about to see. There was only one distinguishing thing about the group: it was the largest ever to see a bodybuilding contest in Los Angeles, though it numbered only 2,100 people from a metropolitan area of seven million. The Little League in Inglewood draws more.

This weekend in Madison Square Garden in New York another small crowd, perhaps too small even to fill the 4,500-seat Felt Forum, will gather to see the superstar of the Embassy show, Arnold Schwarzenegger, defend for the fifth time a world championship—Mr. Olympia—that 99% of Americans have never even heard of. Just to be in the new Garden and not the soiled old Embassy in Los Angeles or the Brooklyn Academy of Music is a leap forward for a sport that has languished for half a century in the subcellar of U.S. esteem. Those who do attend will see the exemplar of bodybuilding at the absolute peak of his powers. Arnold Schwarzenegger, the 27-year-old "Austrian Oak," may be the most extraordinary athlete anywhere today as well as the most perfectly developed male in history.



Franco Columbu, shown with *The Oak* on page 107, here puts his muscle where his mouth is, anatomy a crowd by bending a steel rod.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEP & LEWE

*The only thing golden remaining in Venice Beach is the gymnasium where the world's best bodybuilders left tons of iron dust.*

er lifter, whose only goal is sheer strength, frequently cultivates a barrel belly, one he can bounce against his knees as he hoists 700 or 800 pounds from the floor in the dead lift. To him a 34-inch waist under a 57-inch chest is a sign of weakness, and he pretends to have no respect for a man like Schwarzenegger, who has labored 12 years to achieve those precise dimensions. To thus sculpture his body, Schwarzenegger has pumped more iron than most power men could lift in two lifetimes—but so what? As one paunchy power lifter said recently, "What the hell do they do with all those muscles? I'll tell you what they do. They get up on a little velvet platform and pose! That's right, pose! La-di-da!"

Certainly one of bodybuilding's liabilities in the public mind is the fact that its achievements are demonstrated on the posing platform. The very word "pose" is a semantic disaster derived as it is from the French *poser*, suggesting phoniness and nothing more strenuous than the languid lift of a monocle. It hardly describes the bodybuilder's act, which is about as la-di-da as a 100-yard kickoff return.

In a maximum of two minutes, moving gracefully but dynamically from one position to another, a bodybuilder must demonstrate that he has developed and defined every imaginable muscle to its logical extreme for his height and skeletal structure, and has established a connection between each that creates an impression of perfect symmetry. As Schwarzenegger and a few other virtuosos perform it, pos-

*continued*

Yet on past form it seems unlikely that local newspapers will even mention the event, although there is always the possibility that one of them will send a feature writer to deride "the male beauty contest." For the voice of Lang's bar is the voice of America, and not just blue-collar America. Americans unite routinely to denounce bodybuilders as narcissists, exhibitionists, degenerates—freaks. (Although, like the lady in the bar, most have never seen one—and never will, not for nothing!) The bodybuilder is at once said to be musclebound and the possessor of fictional muscles ballooned by drugs; he is both a cretin and a cunning egomaniac with evil intentions (name your evil). To the considerable reassurance of the golfers and bowlers and round-the-clock TV football fans in their lives, women usually can be counted on to indict bodybuilders as grotesque.

These demeaning stereotypes seem all the more curious in a society that in the last 20 years has elevated physical fitness to the level of a national concern. Bodybuilding is simply one of three branches of intense weight training, and there is no orchestrated denigration of the other two, Olympic and power weight lifting. The followers of all three disciplines "pump iron" in the same gymnasiums and follow strict nutrition programs. Many other sports have for years relied on weight training to condition or rehabilitate participants. Such exercises are, indeed, highly approved if their purpose is to return a man to the kind of action in which he may again be ripped apart.

Some of the derision can be traced to the Olympic and power lifters themselves, whose specialties place no emphasis on symmetry of body. Their distaste for bodybuilders dates from the '20s, but it was given the force of gospel after World War II by Alistair Murray, national coach of the British weight-lifting team, who denounced building as "muscular development without purpose." The Olympic lifter consoles himself with the notion that bodybuilders lack the speed and thick-waisted stability required by the two Olympic events, the snatch and the clean and jerk. The pow-



*Former Michigan State Fullback Roger Callard, now a furniture maker, helps Schoolteacher Mike Katz pump up before a contest.*



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## THE MEN

ing is an athletic and artistic display that communicates as much emotion as a Bobby Thomson home run or a Joe Namath bomb thrown 60 arching yards 10 seconds before the final gun. The ideal, if less familiar, analogy is the form of a great matador as he moves a perfect bull through a series of linked natural passes. The *ole's* crack the sky at such moments, and the Embassy crowd's reaction to Arnold on the stand moved from ovation to ovation, a phenomenon almost certain to be repeated at the Forum.

In the superb new book *Pumping Iron*, to be published next month by Simon & Schuster, Novelist Charles Gaines, the first writer to explicate the mystique of bodybuilding and firmly validate it as a legitimate sport, quotes Steve Machalik, who was the AAU's Mr. America of 1972: "... when I'm up on that stage, I'm there by myself. Me alone, I'm not up there with a baseball bat, I'm not up there with a football. I'm there with just me. My body." It is this performance without props that seems the most difficult concept for the American public to grasp. It is, of course, a subjective performance. The poser is using his own body as a field in the same way that the figure skater uses ice or the diver air and water, and he will be judged in the same way, on form, grace and skill. The *no-no's* can always blame the bull if he fails. The bodybuilder can blame only himself.

The image that afflicts bodybuilding in the U.S. has not been fashioned entirely by uncomprehending or envious weight lifters, nor does it derive exclusively from the sport's unfortunate nomenclature. There is something more in the mix, and it is not very hard to identify. It dates from a 1920's idea that the male body, while perhaps the temple of the soul, deserved little respect and no glorification. The public attitude was set by the infant *TIME* magazine, which hung a derisive tag on that early and much-maligned physical culturist, Bernarr Macfadden. Bernarr ("Body Love") Macfadden, *TIME* said—and said, and said and said.

It was not until the 1930's that exercise in general began to gain a little respectability, and in 1939 the AAU staged its first Mr. America contest, being careful, of course, not to identify bodybuilding as a sport, a position that remains unchanged today. But it took the World War II draft and the physical deficiencies among the male population that it re-

vealed to jolt Americans into the notion that exercise was really important. In the late 1940s two brothers from Montreal, Ben and Joe Weider, challenged Bob Hoffman, whose York, Pa. barbell company was virtually a monopoly and who financed and thus dominated the AAU weight-lifting committee. The Weiders founded the International Federation of Bodybuilders.

While Ben Weider was cajoling barons and dukes and prime ministers and rags into joining the new group—87 countries now are members and the General Assembly of International Sports Federations has recognized the IFBB as the official world governing body—brother Joe moved to the U.S. and engaged in an all-out war with Hoffman. Although Joe Weider bills himself as the "trainer of champions" and the discoverer of the "Weider Principles" of weight training, his motives were by no means altruistic. En route to becoming millionaires, both Weider and Hoffman expended their product lines to include hundreds of diet supplements, special exercisers, tanning oils and magic lotions. Hoffman has never considered AAU bodybuilders as much more than an attractive nuisance—attractive because they can be used to swell the gate at weight-lifting contests—but he has no intention of relinquishing them to the Weider brothers.

The Hoffman-Weider war, now a three-cornered affair with the rise of Dan Lurie of Brooklyn as a publisher and contest sponsor, has helped bodybuilding in some ways, but has hurt it in others. The partisans scream at each other in their respective muscle magazines, calling builders affiliated with other entrepreneurs cowards and tricksters and generally producing an abyssmal level of trade journalism. Anyone leafing through these magazines is likely to find support for his worst suspicions of bodybuilding—and bodybuilders.

On an early September Sunday, Arnold Schwarzenegger, resting on the seventh day from a grueling week in which he had lifted, pushed or pulled 240 tons of iron, drove down from his pleasant Santa Monica, Calif. apartment to have brunch at a Marina del Rey waterside restaurant. He brought along his steady, girl-next-door-type friend, Barbara Outland, a tanned, honey-haired 26-year-old who teaches English and reading at Lincoln High School, in a depressed area of

continued



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## THE MEN

Los Angeles. It was hard to believe that this was the same Schwarzenegger whose marvelously flexed and defined muscles had lifted the Embassy crowd to roaring enthusiasm. Off the platform his muscles relax and fall together. Only the wide shoulders and the expanse oficeps revealed by a short-sleeved sport shirt suggest Arnold's trade. A stranger might easily mistake him for an extremely fit football player.

The thing Schwarzenegger cannot control, onstage or off, is that mysterious emanation Hollywood long ago labeled "star quality." He seems to light up the posing platform, and at 10 a.m., fully dressed and anonymous, he lights up the restaurant. It is not just the bright blue eyes or the quick smile or the ready wit. Schwarzenegger simply looks delighted to be alive and to be Arnold. One feels that with a single appearance on U.S. television, all channels, he could alter the image of the sport. This morning he addresses himself to some of the popular charges, including the claim that bodybuilding is not a sport, that it is "development without purpose."

"Of course, bodybuilding is a competitive sport," he says. "What is its purpose? To be the best, as in any other sport. What is the purpose for a sprinter whose goal is to do 100 yards in nine flat? When you win a contest, you get back satisfaction for all the time you put in training. I also think it is a good sport for everybody, even if one's only desire is to be fit. If you play tennis, you develop your right arm—not much else. But with bodybuilding you make all your muscles grow. I also like it because it is a lonely sport. You go alone to the gym and figure out your problems alone. You are on your own. That is one thing that impelled me—if I become great, it is because of me, not a coach. If your mind isn't ready for the sacrifice and discipline, no coach can do anything about it."

And certainly bodybuilding is an art as all sports are to a larger or lesser degree. "You have to become an artist sooner or later," Schwarzenegger says. "If you don't, you build your body wrong. If Michelangelo made a statue with the arms twice as big as the legs, you would have laughed at him. You have to have a really good eye to see, and the good taste to realize that, O.K., your arms are too big for your calves. That is why bodybuilders look in mirrors, not because we are in love with our-

selves, like they say, but to check the symmetry, to make sure all this enormous development makes a pleasing whole. So you can see that in bodybuilding if you don't have an eye, that will be the end of it."

Your own eye, however, is not always enough. "Joe Weider is not my coach," Arnold says, "but he has a good eye, too, and sometimes he can spot changes that I have not noticed and maybe are not good. Also, Joe has found names for many exercises that had none—he calls these The Weider Principles—and they help explain bodybuilding to young people. If he wants to call me his pupil, I do not mind. Joe has his own goals, though I do not agree with many of them."

At this point Barbara Outland interrupts The Oak. "Arnold is the most goal-oriented person I have ever met. It takes so much knowledge to do what he has done, an understanding of anatomy, nutrition, your own body. And discipline and self-control. He is very practical. Whatever he does must be useful to him in some way, in the direction of whatever goal he has set."

Most single-minded people are pretty grim about their objectives, but Schwarzenegger's saving grace is his perspective and sense of the ridiculous. "Bodybuilding is a sport," he says, "but it is just a sport. When I first came to this country I went to see an AAU Mr. America contest. Would you believe it begins with a prayer? The prayer is asking God to help the judges pick the best body! Millions of people are starving in India, thousands are dying in Vietnam, and these people are asking God to help them! I didn't know whether to fall down laughing or go outside and throw up."

Schwarzenegger became involved in athletics as a schoolboy in a country village on the outskirts of Graz, Austria, a city of 225,000, where he was born on July 30, 1947. His father, Gustav, was a big man, a weight lifter and a redoubtable curler. "Until I was 10 I was a rather sickly child," Arnold recalls, "but then I suddenly seemed to be well and I realized I had a strong body. I was very interested in sports and I decided then and there that someday I would be the best in some sport."

His search for the right one to satisfy this resolve qualifies Schwarzenegger as a superb athlete. Perhaps unfairly, bodybuilders who have had no experience in other sports are not really considered

athletes at all, even by other bodybuilders.

"I did not then know what would be the sport for me," Schwarzenegger says. "So I tried various ones. I began with soccer, skiing and swimming. When I was 12 I became a wing for the Graz Athletic Club, which was considered the second best team in the city. I did all the usual high school sports—boxing, curling, wrestling and, in track and field, the shotput and the javelin. But when I was 15, members of the soccer team began taking weight training to give us better legs, and I immediately liked that. I had reached my full height of 6'2" and weighed 160 then [he weighs 240 now]. In each sport I asked myself: Can I be the greatest? When I was told my reflexes were not quite fast enough to be a great boxer, I stopped doing that. The same with swimming, where I also was not as fast as others. When I was 17, I left the soccer team. I loved soccer, but in a team sport you must rely too much on others. I wanted to win or lose on my own."

In 1965, when he turned 18, Schwarzenegger volunteered for the Austrian army, and an intuitive commander gave him several hours off each day to work on Olympic weight lifting, a program Arnold had begun after abandoning soccer. "That same year I won the Austrian junior Olympic weight-lifting championship," he recalls, "but I had begun to know it would do more to hurt my body than to build it. I had injuries, as all Olympic lifters do—my elbows, my shoulders, my knees. It is a dangerous sport. The human body is not made to do the Olympic lifts. I had been practicing bodybuilding, too, working on all my muscles, not just the Olympic ones, and doing some power lifting. That year I went to Stuttgart and won the junior Mr. Europe title."

There Schwarzenegger met a young Sardinian named Francesco Columbu. Columbu was at Stuttgart to compete in power lifting, and he and Arnold, several years his junior, became best friends, as they still are. A more unlikely-looking combination is hard to imagine: the tall, merry Austrian, who apparently always has approached life with the disciplined mind of a Prussian general and a heart as light as a Sirocco waltz, and the short (5'5"), enormously compact Sardinian, black-haired and smoke-eyed but with lips frequently twitched by a packish smile. Like Arnold, Franco

continued

## THE MEN continued

was a certified "athlete." He had ridden in horse races at home and for a while held the lightweight boxing championship of Italy.

"The year I went to Stuttgart," Arnold remembers, "I won the Austrian and European curling championships, but I also realized there was no future in curling. I began going to the gym just to do power lifting and bodybuilding." While he was still in the army Arnold was offered a job running a gym in Munich, and after his discharge he moved to the Bavarian capital, where Franco had settled. In 1966 they returned to Stuttgart. Franco won the middleweight power lifting and Arnold astonished everyone by winning the heavyweight division. He hoisted 710 pounds in the dead lift, 550 in the squat and 485 in the bench press for an aggregate of 1,745 pounds; even today the world record is only 2,005 pounds. Schwarzenegger also won the title of Best Built Man in Europe. Later, at Essen, he became Mr. Europe.

And so, finally, he had to choose between bodybuilding and power lifting. It is possible to do both. Franco has done so, and now claims the world light heavyweight record with an aggregate of 1,865 pounds (the amateur record is 1,680). He also has won the IFBB Mr. World and Mr. Universe titles, a remarkable achievement in a sport where great little men often lose to good big men. But Schwarzenegger felt he did not have the body structure—short arms, short legs and a long torso—to be the best in power lifting.

In 1966 his only loss in bodybuilding had been in the Mr. Universe competition in London, and in 1967 he went back and won this highly prestigious event, at 20 the youngest man ever to do so. A year later he repeated his victory. "That is when I first heard of Joe Weider," Arnold says. "He called and offered to bring me to the U.S. for the IFBB Mr. Universe contest in Florida. So I come and I go to Florida and I get beat by Frank Zane. I was disappointed but Joe said, 'Come to California and train for one year.'"

Schwarzenegger had had a lot of fun in Munich: training hard, running his gym, chasing girls with Franco and fighting in beer halls. "Munich is a crazy place," he said, "and the Germans are crazier still. Every day, every single day, I have a fight in Germany. In a bar somebody hits you before you walk in the

door. Twenty or 30 people are fighting all the time. Nobody knows who you are or what they are fighting about. They fight until somebody gets knocked down. Then the loser gets up and buys the winner a beer, and everybody is friends. Like that. I was in the newspapers all the time in Munich because of my fighting. I was hardly known as a bodybuilder. Maybe because I never had to buy the first beer. It is still like that. I was there last year at the Oktoberfest, and everybody was still fighting."

The year in California was beneficial. In 1969, after he won the IFBB Mr. Universe, Schwarzenegger felt he was ready to confront Sergio Oliva, a truly prodigious bodybuilder who even today has a loyal following that will not concede Schwarzenegger is the better man. In 1969 he wasn't. Oliva, defending his Mr. Olympia title (the Super Bowl of bodybuilding) for the third consecutive year, narrowly defeated Arnold. However, in 1970 Schwarzenegger defeated Oliva twice, once in a Mr. World contest and then in Mr. Olympia. Arnold beat him a third time in the Mr. Olympia contest in Paris in 1971, and a fourth time in the 1972 Mr. Olympia contest in Essen. In fact, Schwarzenegger has never lost a contest to anyone since Oliva edged him in the 1969 Olympia.

If the U.S. really has a boulevard of broken dreams, it is Pacific Avenue in Venice Beach, Calif. Although Venice Beach fronts on a great golden curve of sand, its canals are green with algae and its small hotels and ramshackle cottages have gone to seed. Once a haven for retired middle-class Jews, who had come to die by its strand, Venice Beach was overrun in the postwar years by successive waves of impoverished adults and then by the flower children celebrated by Lawrence Lipton in his book *The Holy Barbarians*. Today, a few old people who have outlived their own expectations hide behind barred windows from the last outpourings of the '60s, used-up rebels, Jesus freaks, strung-out hippies, Satanists, ancient winos and young pushers. It is a strange place to find a shrine dedicated to hard work, self-sacrifice and physical fitness. But the shrine is there, a square box of a building only two stories high, its front emblazoned with red, white and blue block letters that say GOLD'S GYM. Inside, the gym is spartan—one large two-story room (40x65 feet), walls mir-

rored, the interior carpeted but cluttered with dozens of strange machines, some with overhead pulleys, some with long bars hinged to the floor at one end, others too complex to describe. Stacked along the walls under the mirrors are hundreds of the round iron disks that slide onto bars to make barbells of varying weights. Some weigh only 2½ pounds; others weigh 45.

At 9:30 a.m. on a recent smoggy Wednesday a dozen or so people are doing various things with various weights. Two of them are among the alltime greats of bodybuilding, Frank Zane and Ken Waller. Zane is an algebra teacher at the local high school (his wife teaches art), while Waller, who was captain of the Western Kentucky football team in 1965-66 and later played in the Canadian pro league, is an instructor in physical education (his wife is a court reporter). "All the great Southern California bodybuilders train here," says Dan Howard, a former University of Tulsa middle linebacker and team trainer with a B.A. in biology, who manages Gold's. "Joe Gold started the gym about 8½ years ago, after Santa Monica closed down the old Muscle Beach. I wasn't around here then, but I guess that was a pretty bad scene, what with the girl groupies and the fags hanging around. All bodybuilders aren't boy scouts. Some of them were responding to those crowds in ways that didn't help the sport."

Howard meets the obvious question without heat, although all bodybuilders are sick to death of it. "I only know of three great bodybuilders in the history of the sport who were homosexuals," he says. "There's a higher percentage than that in pro football. Sure, we get some in the gym—we have 250 members—but we don't exclude people because of their life-styles."

On the dot of 10 o'clock, the back door of the gym opens and Arnold Schwarzenegger comes in. There are only casual greetings for the man who has made Gold's internationally famous, but somehow the atmosphere changes. Before he addresses his own Herculean chores, Arnold wanders around the room. Suddenly every workout becomes brisker and more purposeful.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays Schwarzenegger works on his arms (biceps, triceps and forearms), thighs (quadriceps), calves (gastrocnemius group) and waist (abdominals). On

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## THE MEN continued

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays he concentrates on his chest and back (pectorals, trapezius, latissimus and erector spinae), his shoulders (trapezius and deltoids) and, again, his waist and calves.

When he is in training for a contest, as he is now, Schwarzenegger splits his workouts—two hours in the morning, one hour in the late afternoon. The weights and repetitions involved stagger the imagination; some of them include 10 sets of 10 reps each in the bench press, with the barbell load going up to 450 pounds, 100 squats with the load increasing to 500 pounds; 200 curls (100 with each arm) with dumbbells weighing as much as 100 pounds; and a calf exercise done daily, in which Arnold goes up and down on his toes lifting as much as 1,000 pounds of iron. Forty tons a day, six days a week.

Is all this agony worth the moment of satisfaction that comes at the end of a successful contest? Well, it isn't *all* agony. There are immediate rewards. "First comes the pain," Schwarzenegger says. "As the weight gets heavier and the number of repetitions grow, the muscles begin to hurt. Here is where mind and character come in, here is where you cannot stop if you want to be great. You must be able to tell the muscle to continue until you complete the exercise. You must gut it through. It is the painful part that makes the muscle grow. But then comes the reward, then comes the pump." As Charles Gaines has written, the pump is "the fix and rush" of bodybuilding. This is the moment when the bodybuilder stands before the mirror and flexes the muscle, and watches a great flow of oxygenated blood spread through it—visibly enlarging it, proving that the previous agonizing minutes have not been wasted.

There is more than mental satisfaction in the pump. It has been compared to a feeling of sensual ecstasy, or the great well-being that comes to a distance runner two or three miles into his event. Suddenly something that has been a matter of great effort, perhaps even pain, is transformed into a sense of lightness and euphoria, a flush of joy that half-convinces him he can run forever. Non-athletes often find it incomprehensible that people who have no chance for greatness will rise at dawn to run five, 10 and even 20 miles, and that they actually seem to look forward to these ordeals. The pump is the answer, and it explains, too, why old

bodybuilders never ache away as the lady at Lang's felt they would. They continue their workouts, in modified form of course, not in desperation but for pleasure.

While most bodybuilders "pump up" backstage before posing appearances—that is, they do a few quick exercises to start the oxygenation of the blood—Schwarzenegger does not, except during competitions, and then "only for insurance." Thanks to his extraordinary concentration in training, Arnold has achieved mental control over his bloodstream. He literally can command his biceps, or his abdominals, or his quadriceps, or whole groups of muscles, to engorge. In his biceps flex, for example, the size of the muscle will increase between 10 and 15 percent. The only parallel to this sort of mental control of the body's normally involuntary systems is provided by kundalini yoga, a discipline that takes more years to achieve than Arnold has been alive.

If, as Barbara Outland says, Schwarzenegger is the most goal-oriented person she has ever met, what is left for him? Why is he training so hard for this week's Mr. Olympia contest, running three miles every other day in deep sand besides doing his 40 tons of weight, when a victory can only reassert what he already has proved? Is being Mr. Olympia five times all that much more important than four?

Sipping sangria while eating an omelet at the Brown Bagger in Marina del Rey after completing a morning workout, Arnold articulates his motivations. "When I decide in Germany that in bodybuilding I can become the best, I also think—it will last. It is something I can make money at, as well as prove myself. I have made quite a bit of money. Now I want to make more, but also to do other things." Schwarzenegger's income now ranges between \$40,000 and \$60,000 a year, chiefly from endorsements, a mail-order instruction business and posing exhibitions. Only he and Franco Columbo have been able to support themselves professionally in the sport, although many others have built on it with their own gymsnasiums or health clubs.

Schwarzenegger had no sooner won his first Mr. Olympia in 1970 than he began to look five and 10 years ahead. He had an instinct for business. Instead of swinging giddily with his newfound eminence, he enrolled in the UCLA School

of Business Administration. Next spring he will graduate, not from UCLA but from Cal State, where he has transferred partly because that is where Barbara is getting her master's.

Unlike many business-school students, Schwarzenegger did not wait for graduation to get into the marketplace. Four years ago he started publishing booklets on conditioning and instruction in bodybuilding, both for beginners and advanced students, and this mail-order business has doubled in volume every year since.

Defending the Mr. Olympia title is both a matter of pride and a matter of business. "The title of Mr. Olympia is valuable," Schwarzenegger says. "It means you are the best. Sergio might even enter, though I believe he is under suspension by the IFBB. If he is really serious about wanting a posedown, as he said recently, I will meet him anytime if the AAU will sponsor the contest. But Mr. Olympia, even without Sergio, could be a very serious affair because Lou Ferrigno will be there."

Being on guard against Ferrigno is good business for Schwarzenegger. The 6' 5" Ferrigno won both the AABA Mr. America and Mr. Universe contests last year at the age of 21, and at the Embassy captured the Mr. International title. Bodybuilding contests actually are "prejudged" in the afternoon, without an audience and under bright lights that make it difficult to conceal any inadequacy. Instant tan lotions and the body oil that make builders glow on the body-posing platform at night are barred. (The oil can be anything from Bain de Soleil to plain old Wesson.) The points of judgment are symmetry, muscle density and mass and presentation (posing). The first two must be joined—the mightiest arm cannot overcome a scrawny calf. Only a profound and dramatic reversal of form will change votes at the public show, and even that will not avail if the only improvement is in posing. None of these things occurred at the Embassy. Four of the 11 judges voted for Ferrigno, the rest splitting their ballots among four other contestants.

Although Franco Columbo is studying to be a chiropractor (his wife, Anita Santangelo, is a doctor of chiropractic orthopedics), he joined Schwarzenegger in promoting the Embassy show. Like all IFBB contests, Mr. Olympia excepted, it was an amateur event, which meant the

*continued*

# The hows, whys and wherefores of curing tobacco.

## They're not sick, they're fermenting.

The word "curing" in tobacco is terribly misleading. Who coined the term and how it came into use is not known. Curing is the process of using heat to bring the moisture content of the leaves down from 80% to 20%.

The heat used in curing is also the first step in fermenting. To ferment tobacco is to remove the harshness and bring out the mildness. It lets all the honest flavor of the leaves come through. If it weren't for fermenting, even the most expensive pipe tobaccos in the world would taste like you were smoking cabbage.

### There's no one best way to cure. There are four.

**Fire, Flue, Air, And Sun.** The method used depends upon the weather conditions of the region. And, of course, the type of tobacco that is grown. All tobaccos are still mostly green when they are harvested. The farmer knows that when some yellow first appears it is time for curing. He removes the leaves from the stalk and exposes them to high temperature.

#### AIR CURING

A tobacco farmer's barn doesn't hold hay.

It hangs tobacco.

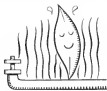
From the ceiling almost to the floor. The barn's roof and even its sides are designed to open wide. Because in air curing, you need all the ventilation you can get.

The tobacco leaves hang in there for about three months until they turn brown. The color tells the farmer that his leaves now have a naturally rich, semi-sweet taste and a mild aromatic personality. Air cured tobaccos are grown all over the world. But some of the best are born and bred in Kentucky, Tennessee, Malawi, Mexico and Brazil.



#### FLUE CURING

The high heat needed for flue curing comes from a central heating system on the floor of the barn. A blower fan evenly distributes the hot air through flues. Flue cured tobaccos stay in the barn about a week until the leaves develop a honey yellow hue. All Virginia-type



tobaccos, whether they're grown in Virginia, the Carolinas, South America, Africa or Asia are flue cured. The better pipe tobacco blends use flue cured leaves for their tangy taste.

#### FIRE CURING

This process might be more rightly called smoke curing. Because it's the smoke and vapor from smoldering hardwood logs that give fire cured tobacco such a beautiful aroma. (They use a similar method to smoke hams. And you know what that does for taste and aroma.)

The tobacco leaves stay in the barn for about three months until they are as brown as dark mahogany. And have a delicious bouquet and a luscious fragrance. There are no finer fire cured tobaccos than the ones we buy in Kentucky and Tennessee.



#### SUN CURING

Sun curing is virtually a cottage industry in parts of Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia and other Mediterranean countries. During June, July and August thousands of families can be seen stringing leaves of exotic Oriental tobaccos

onto racks. These racks are kept in the fields and even the village streets so that the tobaccos may be exposed to the sun and shade, heat of day, cool of night. There they stay for about four weeks until they turn golden yellow. These sun cured tobaccos are prized for their natural aromatic qualities and wondrous flavor.

*Question: If that would happen if a tobacco that should have gone through one type of curing was exposed to another method? As an example, if flue cured tobacco were to be air cured?*

*Answer: The tobacco would serve no purpose. The taste would be most unappealing. As a comparison, just imagine what a T-Bone steak would taste like if it were boiled instead of grilled.*

### Putting it all together



To make an outstanding pipe tobacco the blend should consist of all four kinds: Fire cured. Air cured. Flue cured. And Sun cured. Knowing how much of each type is needed to produce a full, round taste is an art that comes with experience. Douwe Egberts has been blending superior tobaccos since 1753. That's experience.

If you haven't tried Amphora yet, we suggest you pick up a pouch. You're going to like its superb flavor. And your friends will appreciate its delightful aroma.

Start with the best. Stay with the best. Holland's best. Amphora.

*We were greatly pleased to receive a stack of inquiries about pipes and pipe tobacco from our first advertisement. If you were one of those who did not write, but do have a question you'd like answered, drop a note to our president at Douwe Egberts, Inc. 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.*

It's the kind of mail he likes to answer.

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It's the lively new picture-packed magazine from Time Incorporated. And it's all about winners, losers, lovers, dreamers...the rich, the famous, the wise, the foolish...people who make the news or get unmade by it. You never know who you'll meet on the next page. Robert Redford...Diane von Furstenberg...O.J. Simpson...Barbara Walters...George Plimpton...Faye Dunaway...Prince Juan Carlos...Angela Davis...Eric Clapton...Helen Mirren...Larry Combs

# New. Pick up a copy today.

## THE MEN

by David

pros—Arnold, Franco, Zane, Waller and Nubret—appeared only as guest posers. Either Arnold or Franco could have beaten Ferrigno that night, at least in part because they were better “cut up.” That is bodybuilding jargon for defined—meaning that all fat or water has been stripped away so that each engorged muscle stands out in stark relief. This stripping is accomplished toward the end of a bodybuilder’s training grind by increasing and speeding up repetitions in the gym. The worst thing you can call a competitive bodybuilder is “smooth,” *i.e.*, undefined.

In Los Angeles Ferrigno looked relatively smooth and his posing style was unattractive, but he was undeniably massive and had good symmetry. “If I had been a judge, I would have voted for him even though he was not in shape,” Arnold says. “I would have asked myself, ‘Which body up there would I like to have?’ and I would have said Ferrigno’s, because in 30 days I could mold it so it might beat anybody in the world—including me.” Although Schwarzenegger doubts that Ferrigno himself will be able to do that job, he can hardly afford to be wrong. So he has been training like an underdog, pumping extra tons of iron, increasing his protein intake through ordinary foods and doubling up on vitamins. For the last six weeks he has also taken orally 15 mg of Dianabol, an anabolic steroid, each day. Schwarzenegger says that steroids do not build muscle, but may help sustain it while he is stripping down for definition. “Actually,” he says, “I think they are virtually worthless, but everybody uses them before contests—so I do too.” Again, it is a matter of “insurance.”

Schwarzenegger is genuinely and deeply concerned about bodybuilding’s dreary image, particularly as it is projected by the trade press, including Weider’s *Muscle Builder Power*, which has run thousands of pictures of Arnold and which Arnold has tried to upgrade with occasional bylined stories of his own.

“All of these magazines—Weider’s, Hoffman’s, Lurie’s—I call them comic books, circus books! Those headlines! HOW ARNOLD TERRORIZED HIS THIGHS! Hah! THIS IS JOE’S BICEPS SPEAKING! Why are Joe’s biceps talking to anybody? It is not that much of a biceps. Joe exposes Lurie and Lurie exposes Joe and Hoffman is against everybody and can’t tell Ben from Joe, or says he can’t. Why

won’t these guys get together? I will tell you why. It is because none of these silly people are really interested in bodybuilding anymore. They are interested only in the money that can be made from it. Each of them says he is for bodybuilding, but these men are not. They are knocking the sport down. I ask Joe why he prints such junk—why is everybody bombing and blasting and terrorizing, all those silly words?” Joe says it sells the magazine. Period.”

Arnold’s ultimate goal is to publish his own magazine about the sport he loves. “I would like to get hold of Joe’s magazine,” he says, “but he will not give up such a sales manual. I will have to start my own magazine, a *real* magazine, a bodybuilding magazine, not just something to sell products to 14-year-old boys. It will just be about the sport. Personal attacks will be out, totally out. If Joe wants to say he built all the champions and trained three million bodybuilders, he will have to do it in an ad, not in my article. The same with Hoffman or Lurie. I have no personal quarrel with any of them. I will try to get them together, so maybe we have fewer contests but real champions, not three Mr. Americas, three Mr. Worlds, two Mr. Universes.

“Then maybe the sport will have respect, like it has in other countries. In India 40,000 people turned out to see Bill Pearl. I myself had an audience of 10,000 when I was a guest poser in South Africa. But here! When Franco and I got permission from Ben Weider to promote the Mr. International show at the Embassy, I wanted to have it on TV, to sell it to TV. A guy I contacted said yes, they were interested, you know, but first show us what bodybuilding is all about. All I had to show was Joe’s magazine, and they looked at it—and then they were all laughing. They thought the show would be the same thing as the magazine. ‘I will call you,’ the guy says. ‘Don’t bother,’ I said. I was embarrassed.”

Can Arnold Schwarzenegger change bodybuilding’s image in the U.S.? Perhaps. Frank Zane says, “Arnold is the first person who has ever been in the game who is actively trying to promote it and give it a good name.” There may be a clue in Arnold’s own name. Schwarzenegger translates literally as “black plowman.” There is a lot of plowing—plowing under, that is—to be done if the next generation of builders is to grow and prosper.

END

# Think of it as a pleasant island in a sea of conformity.

**BUICK RIVIERA.** In a day and age of rampant me-tooism, we at Buick feel compelled to sound this small, but pleasantly dissident note.

Riviera doesn't look like everybody else's personal luxury car.

Because it isn't everybody else's personal luxury car.

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Asking you to specify them seemed superfluous.

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Buick Riviera. It isn't everybody's car. But then, you're not everybody, are you?

*Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.*



**BUICK**





**Judging clothes is like judging a team.  
You've got to know what to look for.**

When buying clothes, always look for the Talon® zipper. Not only is it the world's most proven zipper, it's also your best clue that whatever it's in is well made.

**A Talon zipper says a lot about what it's in.**

**Talon**



# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 30-Oct. 6

**BOWLING—LORRIE KOCH** of Carpinteria, Calif. earned two other finalists before defeating Betty Menden of Stockton, Calif. 208-179 to take the \$10,000 prize in the \$75,000 Women's World Open, in Deerfield, Ill.

**BOXING—BRIAN'S NIGHT** was the World Boxing Council light heavyweight championship, supporting Jose Abadino of Argentina in their 15-round bout in London, England, in Buenos Aires. **LARLOS MONZON** of Argentina retained their World Boxing Association middleweight championship with a seventh-round knockout of Australian Tony Mundine (prior 6/7).

**SHOGI GIGAMA** of Japan took the World Bowing Council thought crown away from Matsuo Goto of Venezuela in a controversial tie decision in Tokyo.

**PRO FOOTBALL—NFL** The St. Louis Cardinals, winning Indians in the NFL last, remained undefeated before San Francisco 34-9 in their fourth consecutive Quarterback. Jay Hoff, quarterbacked the Cleveland Browns, including a 57-yard and a 46-yard pass to Mike Grier. Cleveland clinched up Washington 28-17 to remain alive after the AFC Central Bengal Cleveland Laker Parish took the Redskins. First part of the game and both took 90 yards to give Cleveland a 7-0 start, then picked up a third quarter. Washington fanfare and earned in 47 yards from the game, scoring a field goal and a touchdown. The home team trailing was lost Baltimore 42-7 (prior 2/1) while Atlanta's second loss was the season's first. The New York Giants and the New York Jets, both took a 7-7 tie game when he intercepted a Seneca Smith pass into the flat and scored in the end zone. Both teams are now 3-3. Baltimore led Pittsburgh 7-3 at the half, but Super Quarterback Joe Gilliam engineered a third-quarter rally and drove that ended with Proton Perry scoring on the one-yard line to give Pittsburgh the key score in the 11-7 victory. Los Angeles scored three touchdowns, two from the end and one from the line, as Buffalo defense lost 27-7. Quarterback Jeff Fargasius completed 15 of 16 passes for 175 yards and a touchdown. Buffalo led Baltimore 10-0 in the first quarter. Ken Maltby threw three touchdown passes of 15, 45 and 60 yards in Oakland's 40-34 romp over the Raiders, took advantage of the game's lead in the AFC West with a 31-second, Detroit found its offense on the second half against Kansas City and broke apart the win column ending the Chiefs 17-14. Houston led New York's second game on two and three-point plays. Lark Hall threw five touchdowns and ran for 100 yards in Chicago's 24-10 win over New Orleans. Los Angeles handed Denver its fourth straight loss, but the powerful Rams barely defeated the frustrated Lions 16-13. Philadelphia scored twice in the first half and then held off San Diego to win 13-7. A first-second 27-yard field goal by Fred Conner gave Minnesota a 21-21 win over Dallas as the Vikings posted their second win and kept the NFL Central Division level.

**WFL** Memphis (12-2) took sole possession of the Central Division lead after a 49-19 win of the Jacksonville Sharks. Southeastern 3-1. Memphis became the first player to reach for 1,000 yards, including 90 yards against the Sharks in their final for the season in 1986. Running back Willie Brown scored five touchdowns for Memphis. The Houston Oilers won Birmingham 14-8, and the loss dropped the Americans (11-3), who had led the Central all year, to second place behind Memphis. The Oilers franchise was taken over by the WFL, after the Oilers' players had not been paid in more than two months. Tennessee, Tennessee scored two touchdowns. Florida's 30-17 win over Philadelphia, who kept the Blazers (10-4) on top of the Eastern Division, five touchdowns. Carolina (15-0) The Stars defeated Chicago 41-30, with Quarterback Tom Sherran launching scoring bombs of 63 and 45 yards during Chicago's 13-point first half. The final score pushed the Jets into the first straight tie down to a 10-10 tie. Sherran in their season home game edged the Detroit Whalers (4-1). The Houston Oilers won, with an apparent lock on the Western Division, needed a 30-yard touchdown pass from Tony Adams to Keith Denson with 1:36 remaining to defeat Portland 20-22. Running back Russ Fargasius scored three 30-yard touchdowns.

**GOLF—AL GIBBERGER** won his first tournament in 20 years with a 10-under-par 67 in the \$125,000 Sahara Invitational at the Sahara-Sun Country Club in Las Vegas. Gebberger secured a final-round 69 for an 11-under-par 273.

**BILLY CASPER** finished at 21, 8-6 under par, in a score a three-hole victory over Hale Irwin in the

\$40,000 Lannette Trophy tournament at the St. Nick in Bethesda near Park.

**CAROL HOSKALA** fired a four-under-par 68 to finish at 21 for 10 holes and won the \$15,000 Sacramento (Kodi) Classic in the Cameron Country Club, Colby Douglas and Jane Black tied for second at 20.

**HARNESS RACING—WAYMAKER** (54-40), driven by John Sorenson, Jr., won the third and fourth heats to take the \$100,000 Kentucky Futurity, third leg of the triennial Triple Crown, at the Lexington Mile in Lexington. The winning times for the mile heat were 1:30, and a slow 2:06.

**ROCKY—In Menzies**, the Soviet Nationalist defeated Team Canada 3-2 in the final game of their series, ending the Russians a 4-1 margin in three eight games, three were ties.

**HONNE NACHO—FOOLISH PLAYFUL** (52-60), Juanita Natcha riding, posted his seventh success in a month series with a six-year-old horse after May in the \$114,750 Champagne Stakes, 5-year-olds at Belmont Park. His time for the mile was 1:30.

Yves Saint-Martin rode art dealer Daniel Wildenstein in an auction of ALICE BRANCE in victory in the Myrtois Prix de l'Art de l'Étranger at Longchamp in Paris. The 5-year-old French horse's share of the \$400,000 prize made after France the second filly in thoroughbred racing to earn more than \$1 million.

**FLYING NELLY** (54-1), David MacLennan up, covered nine furlongs in 1:49 to finish a head in front of Paul McNeill, Ken Gaudin in the Southpaw Stakes at Newmarket, England.

**WARMA** (51-20), the \$400,000 American-owned son of Bold Ruler won his second straight start, at six furlongs, Breeze Race up at Belmont Park.

**BOTH SPORTS—CARLOS RUIZ MANN** of Argentina, driving a Red Bull, led from start to finish in the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen. **LEVINSON** (11-1), in a McLaren-Ford, finished fourth and fifth, but the win driving a championship in the second race in three years (prior 6/1).

**DAVID PLANNON**, averaging 109.92 mph in a Mercury, finished 14 seconds ahead of Richard Peterson in a Dodge, to win the 1987 U.S. One Mile National 300 at Charlotte (N.C.). Martin Speedway. A spectacular threat continues on the second leg. Inched away from the start and resulted in a spectacular to driver young Marty Robbins, who required 32 inches to close final lap.

**TENNES—JOHN NEWCOMB** defeated Renee Largent 7-6, 7-6 in the singles final of the \$50,000 Island Hound Classic in Houston. The 1986 champion, Largent, the loss, training with DICK NICK KOTON to beat Newcombe and Owen Davidson 7-6, 7-6 in the doubles final.

**Top-seeded CHRIS EVERT** defeated Virginia Wade 6-3, 7-6 in the final of the \$50,000 Virginia Slims tournament in Houston. The \$100,000 first prize (prior 6/1) went to Evert, 155 for the year. Evert's long-standing withdrawal from the tournament and forfeited his semifinal match to Evert, because of the sudden death of his father in Australia.

**MELANIE, INJURED** Elected 16th Fanny's 25-year-old boy, RUFUSIAN, who suffered a serious fracture of his right hind ankle, 1.4 minutes in four starts, the big filly will not race for the rest of the year.

**NAMED** As general manager of the N.Y. New York Mets, **JOE PHIL A. McDONALD**, who has been with the club since it was formed in 1962, most recently as director of all four longest organizations.

**PORTFOLIO** The earnings of CHRIS EVERT and JIMMY CONNORS, because of the increased demands of their tennis commitments. The current Wimbledon singles champion were to have played their love match on Nov. 6.

**SIGNI D. FRANK ROBINSON**, 36, to manage the AL Cleveland Indians, thus becoming the first black manager in major league baseball. Robinson, the only man ever voted Most Valuable Player in both the American and National leagues, has a career batting average of .261 over 19 seasons, with 2,900 hits and 1,778 RBIs. Robinson will continue to play as a designated hitter.

**DIED** HAI MUTHI KONGKONG, 23, rookie Formula 1 racing driver from Thailand, killed in a crash during a pre-race practice session at the U.S. Grand Prix in Watkins Glen.

# FACES IN THE CROWD



**CURT KUTSCHENRUTTER**, 8, of Loveland, Ohio, was the youngest of 1,000 cyclists to complete 50 miles in less than six hours in the Hancock Hillside Half Hundred bicycle race last, who has been cycling for 8 years, pedaled 57 miles in six hours and 35 minutes.



**JIM ZORN**, quarterback for Cal Poly in Pomona, Calif., gained 955 yards in his team's 17-27 win over Southern Utah State. Zorn, whose 3,800 yards led the NCAA Division II in total offense last year, completed 20 of 33 passes and rushed for 110 yards.



**LIEUT. MARSHA LUTZ**, the first woman assigned to the U.S. Navy's Spacecraft site in Dusharuk, Turkey, was senior head of the Base Sports Council after she won the swimming and handball bowling championships. Lutz also took second in badminton and golf.



**BARRY OLIVER**, 15, of Indian Springs, Nev., won senior National AAU wrestling titles in both the 148-pound freestyle and the 150-pound Greco-Roman. Later, Oliver was third in the senior 148-pound freestyle at the North American Championships in Mexico City.



**DON MILLER**, 55, of Bethesda, Md., won the Kenwood Golf and Country Club championship for the sixth time in four decades, defeating defending champion Jerry Gibson in the final Miller's other club titles were won in 1940, 1950, 1962, 1983 and 1986.



**MICHELE SHANDS**, 17, ran a 58.8 on her 440 anchor leg for the Jamaica (N.Y.) Track Club in the 800- and sprint medley at the Queens College Invitational track meet. Her team's 1:55.8 clocking was 2.8 seconds faster than the winning time in the college division.

## CREDITS

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## DOUBLE WHAMMY

Sir:

Wham? Ham! The famed SI whammy strikes again. It never ceases to amaze me. How can you run feature articles on teams like Notre Dame (*Right Man in the Right Place*, Sept. 30) and Oklahoma State (*Three Other Bullies in Oklahoma*), and then have them both be defeated by such powerhouses as Purdue and Baylor? As a quarterhearted University of Oklahoma football fan, I beg you to steer your typewriters and cameras away from Norman for the remainder of the football season.

JACK SALLIS

Houston

Sir:

I may start my own magazine, and put you on the cover.

O. D. SEUTZMAN

Chula Vista, Calif.

Sir:

As long as you are discussing the Heisman Trophy, I will, too. Tom Clements may win the trophy but he will win on reputation, not ability, as might Anthony Davis, Pat Haden, David Hamm or others. But the man who really deserves to win the coveted award probably will not. The man I am speaking of is Sonny Collins of the University of Kentucky. In 1973 Collins gained 1,213 yards rushing on 224 carries, but when the All-America selections came out, you didn't hear about Collins. Stories are written about players with a reputation and not the ones with true ability like Collins!

JAMES SCOTT

Campbellville, Ky.

Sir:

It was only fitting: Notre Dame, the 1973 national champions—and fourth-best team in the Midwest (after Ohio State, Michigan and Oklahoma)—offered another of its old traditions, losing to Purdue. The loss could hardly be construed as unexpected. Purdue, coming off a 7-7 tie with Miami of Ohio and a 28-14 loss to Wisconsin, would have to be one of the Irish's most formidable opponents. Take heart Irish fans. If your team can manage to beat a group of second-rate teams by more than 40 points the sports media undoubtedly will say that this year's team ranks right up there with all of the great "Tyng Irish" teams of the past. They'd probably be right.

BAKE SPRINGER

Belleville, Mich.

Sir:

WASH'N H SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that picked General Custer over Sitting Bull for the

Heisman Trophy? Why don't you do the country a favor and do an article on the Arab oil nations. Please do Notre Dame a favor and let "tradition" take care of itself.

MICHAEL J. ORRINGER

Jacksonville

## BEDDY BYE

Sir:

I would like to ask Frank Deford (*Heir of Jigger Landis*, Sept. 30) a question concerning his bed fashions.

Mr. Deford, do you sleep in the raw?

BRUCE GUTTMAN

East Lansing, Mich.

• Nude in the summer, nightshirt in winter, pajamas on the road—ED.

## RACE TO RICHES

Sir:

In his story (*Out One Hand and as the Other*, Sept. 30) Dan Jenkins refers to the Patriots as the "New England Peasants." He states that the Dolphins were "preoccupied" that sunny Sunday. Having had the pleasure of being one of the 50,000 Pat fans at Schaefer Stadium who witnessed the beating the world champs took, and also being in attendance when the "Peasants" defeated the L.A. Rams, I can truthfully say that the New Englanders outplayed their opponents in both games.

I suggest that when speaking of the New England Patriots in the future Jenkins should use words like "superb" and "tremendous." And—at the very least—admit that we have vastly improved.

JIM GATTELLO

Medfield, Mass.

Sir:

Granted, three big wins—and now four, with last week's victory over the Colts, do not mean that the Patriots are Super Bowl contenders, but they are our team and we don't appreciate cute, derogatory comments.

Hope springs eternal in any sports fan, especially in Boston where we have suffered through the Patriots' rebuilding years. Now we have a potentially good team, and it's no fun to see them knocked.

JOHN STANTON

Winthrop, Mass.

Sir:

If Mr. Jenkins intends to continue to cover the NFL in 1974, I suggest he forget about last year's press clippings and standings. This is a new year and the Patriots are on top.

FRANCIS PRONINE

Brighton, Mass.

Sir:

Tex Maule may be gone from the playing fields of pro football, but according to your Sept. 30 issue his spirit lives on under the name of Dan Jenkins.

JUDY BRIAN

Miami

Sir:

I'm trying to figure out if, over the past two seasons, the Pats have won any football games. It seems that after every win some excuse arises about the losing team. Meri-cury Morris didn't play. Bob Griese had an ingrown toenail, lack of imagination by the Giants was the reason for their inability to score from the three-yard line, etc.

In reference to the interception and fumble referred to in Jenkins' article, Sam Hunt is very sorry that he got caught stealing Griese's pass and says he'll return it if you want him to. We're also sorry we hit Charlie Leigh so hard, causing him to drop the ball.

DICK ROSENTHAL

Grafton, Mass.

Sir:

It should not come as so much of a surprise to Dan Jenkins or to anyone that the Miami Dolphins lost at New England. It is not that unusual. Don Shula's Miami teams, which have won at least 10 games every year, have lost to the Patriots three in three of his five visits. New England always gives Miami fits at home, but more important is the fact that this year the Pats are a greatly improved team.

JEFF SHELLEY

Nashville

## THE LONGEST REASON

Sir:

In William Leggett's article on football broadcasting (*Welcome to the 1,000-Hour Season*, Sept. 16) he said that some of the networks were concerned because there has been a drop in the TV audience. The reason is not a proliferation of games. If the networks really want to keep their audiences, all they have to do is get rid of their directors, producers and broadcasters and get some new ones who know something about the game of football. Get rid of the people they pay off as color commentators. Personally, I have not watched a whole college game in years. I get disgruntled with the everlasting pointing around the stands during the game to show pretty girls. This year ABC has a new wrinkle, a couple of clowns running around with microphones interviewing cheerleaders and band members when there is action on the field.

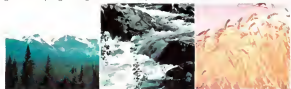
THOMAS C. GRAHAM

Allentown, Pa.

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## It Sure Was Hell on Wheels

Cycling is a quiet sport but in 1892 a young bookkeeper went too far

It was as if the scorched earth had swallowed him whole that fateful day in May. For a long time no trace of his cycle could be found, much less the adventurous young man's body. As the mysterious silence continued, hope gradually gave way to resignation.

Exactly eight decades before motorcyclist Fred Mundy disappeared into the sandy wasteland of Baja California, not to return alive (SI, June 10), the subject of similar national anxiety was a 27-year-old bicyclist and amateur photographer named Frank G. Lenz.

The sport was in its infancy and Americans were eager for vicarious adventure. Thus, when Lenz quit his bookkeeping job in May of 1892 and announced his plan to cycle around the world, he became a national hero almost overnight.

Even he was amazed at the enthusiastic send-off given him in New York City on June 4, 1892. "No knight in the olden days . . . ever set out in search of adventures or donned his armor for foreign lands and deeds of high enterprise with more fervid acclamations than those which have cheered my outward path," he wrote for *Outing*, the magazine that had agreed to sponsor his trip and publish the account.

Although only 25 at the time, Frank Lenz had been cycling long distances for nearly a decade. The first 3,000 miles, therefore, were no problem. Heading north to Albany, Lenz swung west to Buffalo, following the line of the Erie Canal "up the valley of the Mohawk, the cradle of the military forces of the Revolution and the grave of the military hopes of the British." From Buffalo to Minneapolis he traveled across Canada, then followed the track of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Spokane Falls and the telegraph route to San Francisco, which he reached on Oct. 20, 1892. Along the way, delegates of every cycling club within 20 miles of his route turned out to wine him and dine him.

Boarding the steamer *Oreawa*, Lenz sailed on Oct. 25 for Yokohama to become, by Christmas 1892, the "first cyclist ever to invade northern China." Although he was basically a genial young man, he displayed a contempt for Orientals, and he was especially scornful of those Chinese who visited shops to smoke a pipeful of opium.

In turn, Lenz was called "foreign devil" and followed by surly crowds. His antipathy to the Chinese was further in-

creased when he discovered that his tool bag, which had contained a monkey wrench, screwdriver and oilcan, had been rifled. "Almost distractedly, I pointed to the empty tool-pouch," he wrote. "But the following crowd shook their heads 'no,' insisted that I should ride, and began throwing stones at a distance. Presently they became bolder and came on closer, and one stone struck me on the leg. Things were getting uncomfortable, my wheel clogged up with mud and snow . . . and I could not get away. Drawing my revolver, I flourished it about, but they only gave fiendish yells, and came closer. Dropping the wheel in the snow, I gave chase and fired three times in the air. The crowd of thirty or forty ran as fast as their legs would carry them."

For the next 15 months Frank Lenz continued his slow journey across Asia on the muddy roads of Burma, India, Baluchistan and Persia. He dutifully described the architecture, countryside and culture in the manner of the typical 19th century travel writer—with his own mixture of condescension, textbook erudition and a smattering of weak humor. By the time he reached Teheran, however, a certain poignancy had crept into his prose. "I must confess to a feeling of homesickness," he wrote. "I am tired, very tired, of being a 'stranger'."

On May 2, 1894 his last piece of correspondence was dispatched from Teheran, Persia. "I leave today," he wrote, "on my way to Constantinople, now only 900 miles distant." And with those words, Frank Lenz disappeared for all time.

Because his accounts had been appearing in print on a considerably delayed basis, the general public did not know for some time that no news had been received from Lenz after May 2, 1894. Gradually, however, word leaked out that something was wrong, that he had

"been delayed" or "obstructed near the Persian-Turkish border." Finally, veteran cyclist William Sachtleben made an alarming announcement: "I think Lenz must have been murdered," he told reporters. "As near as I can learn, he disappeared in the Delihaha Pass between Erzurum and Bayazid. . . . This Delihaha Pass is one of the worst places in Asiatic Turkey, and it is my belief that Lenz was murdered."

J. H. Woeman, the editor of *Outing* replied heatedly that "the vague rumors circulating through the press are sent by those seeking to advertise themselves at the expense of Frank G. Lenz and his friends."

Unfortunately, Sachtleben was almost assuredly correct. A detailed investigation proved that Lenz had spent the night of May 9 at the Turkish village of Tchelkani and then had headed north toward the hamlets of Muserstic and Shamsan-on area, according to R. W. Graves, British Consul at Erzurum, "infested with brigands." Another story suggested that Lenz had been killed out of a certain fear, rather than greed. "An argument arose as to whether he was a man or a devil," recounted one native, who had never seen a bicycle and referred to it as a "two-wheeled carriage." In order to settle the controversy, he explained, several shots had been fired at the strangely moving creature, which was killed immediately.

At any rate, in May of 1894 a body was found in the River Siberian, about a mile and a half from Tchelkani, improbably equipped with a large hand mirror. At about the same time a particularly ferocious Kurdish tribesman began sporting narrow saddle girths on his horse, which suspiciously resembled flattened bicycle tires.

Convinced at last, the publishers of *Outing* swore vengeance on the perpetrators of the presumed outrage and provided a spectacular eulogy for their erstwhile correspondent. But because they had an ample supply of his columns still on hand, the words of Frank Lenz continued to appear in the magazine, as if he were alive, until the issue of July 1896.

At this point, *Outing's* coverage of round-the-world cycling endeavors was turned over to "a gentleman who made it whizz recently under more favorable circumstances than those which," as the magazine put it, "embarrassed Lenz on his fateful venture."

—GEOFFREY GORN

## PAY FOR PLAY (CONT.)

Sir:

Big tears of heartfelt sympathy welled in my eyes when I read of the plight of the poor college football players who could no longer make ends meet (*Everybody's Doing It*, Sports Illustrated, Sept. 16). The pains of humiliation, as well as those of hunger, must be everloating to the gridiron giants who can muster only enough change for one meager meal a day—a 29¢ McDonald's hamburger and a Coke.

Such stories of financial deprivation, as told by UCLA's Charlie Schulmann in your magazine, are ludicrous. In case our Saturday afternoon heroes do not realize it, there happen to be thousands of college students in this nation going through school without the benefit of full-ride scholarships, free books, free tutors and free training-table meals, to say nothing of favors by alumni—job opportunities, dinner invitations and other fringe benefits that so easily accrue to college athletes.

It might also come as a shock to Mr. Schulmann that some families have to live on less than the cash equivalent of a college athlete's yearly education expenses, which are paid for him by the school.

Nobody doubts that the dollar does not go as far as it once did, but in forming the relief line, let college athletes stand near the end.

JOHN F. SHIRLEY

Monterey Park, Calif.

## STILL THRO

Sir:

In reference to professional football's new fifth-quarter rule, what use is the extra quarter if the game can still end in a tie? The sudden-death period should extend until one team breaks the tie. I, for one, would like to see the tie eliminated, not only in professional ball but in college and high school games as well.

LOWELL BERGLIN

Westlake, La.

## SAFETY MEASURES

Sir:

I have just finished Dan Levitt's article on Gerry Wahl's most unfortunate accident while attempting to break the world speed record for outboard-powered craft (*Grim Chases a Thunderous Row*, Sept. 23). Having long followed all aspects of motor racing, I am always saddened by the death or

serious injury of a driver. I've seen many powerboat wrecks, and the pattern is always the same. A flip, the driver ejects and is hurt. Why don't they wake up and realize that a parachute pack and a prayer won't save anybody's neck? Perhaps a self-contained ejection pod with a life-support system, some flotation devices and a parachute would sure, this might prove to be heavy, sophisticated and costly, but how much is a good pilot's life worth?

DANIEL LUIS VIRGINOLI

Los Angeles

## INDIAN RODEO

Sir:

Thank you for the article *Today Is Not Your World* (Sept. 23). It is refreshing to know that the Indian nations are holding on to their culture. Unfortunately, publicity may prove harmful to the rodeo by starting an influx of tourists. It should remain an Indian celebration. As William Fastlake says, it is "not a sport that destroys, but a ceremony that creates, in the style of the Indian." Something the white man hasn't yet learned.

WARREN SWANSON

Moscow, Idaho

*continued*

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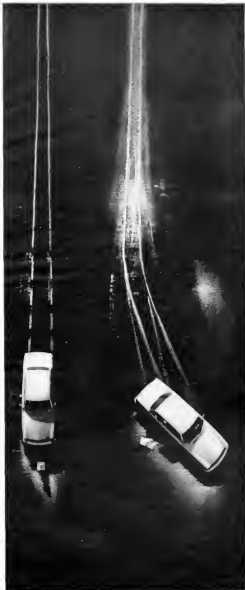
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19TH HOLE continued

the startling move quite well, that is to say he didn't die of apoplexy, though surely only my colleague's quick signaling of two points goalending prevented this. Afterward, the official could only mutter dazedly about his "natural instincts."

DICK KIMBERG

North Platte, Neb.

### WAIT AND SEE

Sir,

Having been a devoted track fan for nearly 20 years, I read with great interest the article concerning Britain's latest distance-running find, Brendan Foster (*Foster Is No Apocryph*, Sept. 21). I have a great deal of respect for Mr. Foster's running credentials. He has proven in the two years since Munich that he has the talent to become one of the all-time greats.

I also have a great deal of respect for Writer Chris Brasher's running ability. As for his analyzing abilities, I believe the jury is still out. How he can possibly rank Foster as one of the top five distance men in the last 25 years is beyond my imagination. Without too much scratching, two names from Down Under step to the starting line, Murray Halberg and Ron Clarke. These two must certainly rank ahead of Foster at this time.

Halberg won the gold medal in the 5,000 meters at the 1960 Olympics and later held both the two- and three-mile records at the same time. Clarke once simultaneously held six world records at different distances, although he never won an Olympic gold medal. Clarke set most of his records during the European summer, which was off-season for a Northern Hemisphere runner.

Perhaps Mr. Brasher is merely dazzled by Foster's racing tactics, which were used long ago by Vladimir Kuts and Clarke. Nearly two full years lie ahead before we again come to the major testing grounds, the Olympic Games. A great many things can happen in that time.

THOMAS W. FRANK

Cincinnati

### SLEEPING GIANT

Sir,

You guys really blew it! Eddy Merckx won the World Cycling Championship professional road race in Montreal a few weeks ago and your magazine barely mentioned it in passing. Doesn't the fact that 200,000 North Americans turned out for the two weeks of the championships indicate that bicycle racing is the sleeping giant of American sports?

DICK HOWARD

Richmond

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